

MACLEAN'S

EXCLUSIVE ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU
IN LIBERIA: 'THE WORST PLACE ON EARTH'



\$4.95

36



VICTORIA ROCKERS HOT HOT HEAT

Sometimes big ideas come in small packages. Take, for example, the small, stylish Panasonic

Toughbook™ CF-W2 Notebook. With a 12.1" display, DVD/CD-RW combo drive and wireless modem, the ultra-compact CF-W2 makes it easy to explore a world of ideas. Share those ideas in seconds with the versatility of SD Memory in a



card the size of a postage stamp that connects seamlessly to a range of digital devices. Devices like the e-studio™ SD Multi A/V Recorder. Take pictures, video and sound with this 4-in-1 digital powerhouse that's smaller than a deck of cards! Vision. Emotion. Inspiration. Capture them all with enlightening innovations from Panasonic.



Panasonic *Make Your Life*

HOMAGE TO LEADERSHIP FOR TOMORROW



Maclean's fifth annual "Leaders of Tomorrow" Blue Young Canadians descended to make a difference. To lead in changing our world. To serve and affect the future of Canada.

At Glenfiddich we know a thing or two about leadership. We are the leading, best-selling single malt whisky in Canada (and the world for that matter). Our Glenfiddich 14 year-old recently led all other single malt whiskies in Whisky Magazine's blind tastings held in Scotland, the U.S.A. and Japan to be voted "the best of the best." And we have led the Scotch Whisky industry in "Dundee of the Year" three times running. Simply because we believe that leadership is seeking and offering the very best to those we serve.



The Independent Spirit.

THE MAIL

and in the process, make our society finally mean something.
Don Horne, Cobourg, Ont.

Wagging the dog

I had to laugh when I read the three letters in The Mail section of the Aug. 25 issue ("Getting it right") complaining about the cover photo showing a child holding us to a dog's tail ("Reclaiming toxic ground," Aug. 15). The letters claimed, incredibly, that the actions in the photo were abusive to animals. One writer called it "absolutely horrible." As a dog owner, I would guess that the people who wrote these letters don't own dogs. Otherwise they would have known that the owner the man threw the toy, the dog would probably have barked the child over and she would have likely ended up crying on the grass. Perhaps that is a photo of child abuse?

Calvin Williams, Vancouver

Clueless in Ottawa

I just cannot believe Stephen Harper ("Canada remains alienated," Q&A, Aug. 25). Is this guy for real? He mentions Canada should have joined the war with Iraq so we could remain close to the U.S. He even says that the post-war troubles are to be expected. So this guy wants us to send our soldiers to a war and get them killed so that on issues such as road cover the Americans would continue buying our beef? Tell that to the families of the four soldiers killed in Afghanistan, by Americans I might add. This guy doesn't know what Canada is all about.
Tim Nefz, Montreal

Let me get this straight: Stephen Harper wants Canada to "stick together" with the Americans, because if we don't, the U.S. will punish us on softwood lumber, steel and other issues. As an example of actions that we should have supported, Harper suggests the war on Iraq, even though it is now clear that Bush lied about the weapons of mass destruction. Saddam's trial is on Qaida, and U.S. interest in Iraq oil. In fact, Harper states, justification for the war on Iraq "wasn't related" to the claim of WMDs. What planet has he been living on for the past year?

Joe Gendry, Victoria

As someone whose ancestors have stood up for King and country since the American

Revolution, I would like to tell Stephen Harper that times have changed. He implies that if my son and I went off to war, Canadian beef farmers would be just fine and eastern workers like myself wouldn't be unemployed. How mercenary can you get? I have no intention of spending nearly four years in a POW camp like my father did after being sent to defend the Crown colony of Hong Kong. Canadians no longer believe in fighting in wars for other nations' global interests.

Daniel C. Mulroney, Brownburg, Quebec, Que.

Stephen Harper would make an excellent prime minister. He is not used to taking a stand for what is right. Thus far, as leader of the official Opposition, Harper has pulled the Canadian Alliance out of debt, shown excellent leadership in organizing the party and has worked hard to keep the Liberals accountable to the Canadian public. Harper and the Canadian Alliance stand by our American allies in the war with Iraq, are working tirelessly to try to negotiate the U.S. border cover beef, and are making a strong stand to uphold the traditional definition of marriage. People who want real leadership should take another look.

Derek White, Edmonton

Sexual politics

Just to add something to Paul Wells's fine article (The Week Page, Aug. 25), a Liberal politician recently admitted that he was concerned that the gay-marriage issue might cause the party to lose seats. For some MPs and their parties, the issue is not one of principle or prejudice: it's the usual Canadian political phobia, a morbid fear of losing seats.

Edward Crutten, Toronto

I have become thoroughly enamoured of Paul Wells's article because he took over The Week Page, but I was terribly disappointed with his "Ottawa's lost souls." Gay marriage is one of the few issues in Canadian politics in which the public is taking an interest, which means there must be more than a "down-trodden minority" of MPs questioning this issue. Demagogues who don't run headlines into cultural shock sounds more moderate to me than trying to create dialogue on a thorny issue.
Daniel Margolis, Cobourg, Ont.

SAMSUNG
empowering technology

Reality. What a letdown.
Announcing the stunning Samsung DLP TV.



- Crystal-clear HDTV picture
- Compact design: 61" model is 16 1/2" deep and 102 lbs
- Available in 43", 50" and 61"

That's Digital innovation.

Once you experience the Samsung videowall DLP™ TV everything else pales in comparison. That's because it features Digital Light Processing technology. The result: a high definition picture that stands out with exceptional colour, clarity and brightness. Your perception of television, and reality, may never be the same.

Visit www.samsung.ca or call 1-800-SAMSUNG (726-7864)
For more info call: 800-543-3671

Available at: Best Buy, Future Shop, Sears, Victoria, and other electronics stores.



©2002 Samsung Electronics Canada Inc. All brand and model names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies. Product appearance and specifications are subject to change without notice. Click with your nose rather than your hands when using DLP technology. DLP technology and trademarks are trademarks of these companies.

Dedicated to Fostering Leadership in Education

In 1999, the Canadian Association of Independent Schools (CAIS) established the Leadership Institute Diploma Program for educators. The Institute includes modules of study on theories and dimensions of leadership, human resources, plant and property governance, schoolwide planning, finance, education law, and marketing and development. The program is designed to prepare educators for leadership roles in independent schools, particularly for headships, by providing courses in aspects of independent schools rarely experienced by teachers.

The summer at Brentwood College School, Mill Bay, B.C., CAIS is proud to recognize the first 24 graduates from the diploma program. These individuals, teachers from independent schools across Canada, have completed the 10 required modules over the past four summers. Leadership in education today and tomorrow



new begins with those who lead our schools.

Trust, integrity, tolerance, respect and responsibility are core values embraced by member schools and CAIS leadership programs.

Every fall term, CAIS sponsors the Head Student Leadership Conference. This conference has been established with the pur-



port of providing an opportunity for student leaders from across Canada to come together to share and learn from one another. Creative problem-solving, team work and ethical decision-making are fostered over three days through a wide variety of exercises and activities. Students are challenged to question, discuss, push and test themselves, and to work collaboratively. In September, St. John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg will host this year's Head Student Leadership Conference.



case of providing an opportunity for student leaders from across Canada to come together to share and learn from one another.

Creative problem-solving, team work and ethical decision-making

are fostered over three days through a wide variety of exercises and activities. Students are challenged to question,



discuss, push and test themselves, and to work collaboratively. In September, St. John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg will host this year's Head Student Leadership Conference.



Brentwood College School
Collingwood School
Crofton House School
Glenlyon-Norfolk School
Meadowridge School
Mulgrave School
Queen Margaret's School
Shawinigan Lake School
Southridge School
St. George's School
St. John's School
St. Margaret's School
St. Michaels University School
York House School

Concordia High School
Rundle College
Strathcona-Weedmark School

Athal Murray College of Notre Dame
Luther College High School

Balmoral Hall School
St. John's Ravenscourt School

Albert College
Appleby College
Ashbury College
Bayview Glen
Brenkman Hall
Crescent School
Elmwood School
Grey-Gallop School
Hewings College
Hillfield-Sunshine College
Holy Trinity School
Kingsway College School
Lakeside College School
Meacham Hall
Montcrest School

Pickering College
Ridley College
Rosseau Lake College
Royal St. George's College
St. Andrew's College
St. Clement's College
St. John's-Kilmearck School
St. Michael's-Lightbourn School
The Bethany Hills School
The Bishop Strachan School
The Country Day School
The Stirling Hall School
The York School

Toronto-French School
Trafalgar Castle School
Trinity College School
Upper Canada College

Bishop's College School
Centennial Academy
Lower Canada College
Miss Edgar's & Miss Drimph's School
Sedburgh School
Selwyn House School
St. George's School of Montreal
Stonewall College

The Sacred Heart School of Montreal
The Study
Trafalgar School for Girls
Weston School

Rathway Newmarket School

Armbrase Academy
Holtzie Grammar School
King's-Edgely School
Sacred Heart School of Halifax

CAIS is committed to nurturing the leaders of tomorrow by creating opportunities and providing experiences so that students may develop the necessary skills for leadership in an ever-changing world.

CAIS is an association for independent schools that operate within Canada or offer a curriculum leading to a Canadian diploma in a location outside the country. Member schools are non-profit institutions with elected boards of governors who are responsible for hiring a head to manage the day-to-day operation of the school. To qualify for membership, schools must offer an academic program that will prepare students for entrance to institutions of higher education.

CAIS programs for students include an annual writing competition, leadership conferences and opportunities for exchange, competition and collaboration in academic, cultural and athletic activities. An annual conference brings the heads of CAIS schools together for several days of meetings and seminars on current topics in education. Business managers, development officers, assistant heads, admissions officers and heads of junior schools have their own conferences and professionally supportive networks.

Inquire about the availability of financial assistance and scholarships.

For a directory of CAIS Schools please contact:
Tel.: 705-652-1745
E-mail: admin@cais.ca

Links to all Web sites at:
www.cais.ca



"Havergal emphasizes academics and encourages girls to be well-rounded. That was a good fit for me!"
Choir, archery, swim team, robotics club and academic distinction every year have prepared Lauren Spence '03 for her political science studies at Harvard.

For application, scholarship and bursary information, please call our Admission office.
(416) 463-3519

Havergal COLLEGE for girls
www.havergal.ca

UNIVERSITY OPPORTUNITIES

There will be rare occasions in your life where you get to make destiny-altering decisions. Here's one of them.

If you're thinking of leaving home to attend university somewhere else in Canada or perhaps at the US or overseas, the UCC The U (Grade 11) Programme might be your ticket.

UCC The U is a one-year co-ed preparatory programme that opens a number of university programs from which you can choose. Small classes, low attrition and our experienced University Advisor help guide you every step of the way, from the classroom through completion of applications. Our university acceptance rate guide is rock solid.

Visit www.ucc.ca or
Visit Lauren Gosselin, College —
Mississauga Campus Office

www.ucc.ca

LOUISA CHAMBERLAIN, COORDINATOR
4100 Burnhamthorpe Road
Mississauga, ON M3B 2K5
(905) 403-0900 • e-mail: info@ucc.ca

MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



HOT YOUNG CANADIANS

If a nation's future rests with its young people, then Canada's fate appears to be in excellent hands. That's the reassuring message delivered by this week's cover story "Red Hot and Cool."

The 58 young men and women profiled in these pages include social activists, scientists, entertainers and business people. Their names were submitted by Maclean's staff members, as well as readers, many of whom contacted us via Macleans.ca.

"We get suggestions for nominees year-round and have already received some for next year's list," says Associate Editor Sue Ferguson. Above right, with Sarah Leach, a summer intern who researched and wrote several profiles. "Everyone feels they know a young person who's going to do great things, and they grab the opportunity to have their say."

Leach, a native of Perth, Australia, is entering the final year of a Masters of Journalism program at the University of British Columbia. "This project taught me so much," she says. "Communicating the maximum amount of important information in such a limited space is a real art."

She also gained considerable respect for the young people she profiled. "They're very aware of Canada's place on the international stage," says Leach. "And they're very focused and determined. They're all under the age of 30, yet they already know where their future lies. It was daunting and inspiring at the same time."

As to speeding the past three months at Maclean's, along with fellow intern Julie Melles from Toronto's Ryerson University, Leach says the experience has changed her life. "So much has happened this summer—from SARS to the power outage to the forest fires in B.C. News-wise it's been a hectic time."

For information on Maclean's 2003 "Leaders of Tomorrow" visit Macleans.ca. For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@macleans.ca.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL
Montebello, Quebec

The Education of a Lifetime

It is a community of 140 students and 25 staff. Sedbergh properly young men and women for university and life's challenges. Students develop strong study habits and leadership. It is a strong emphasis in that it offers personal growth, intellectual, and social growth. With an integrated curriculum and individual learning styles and challenges, students are able to develop a strong sense of self and individuality. With a 1,300-acre campus, Sedbergh was the ideal location to provide a rich, vibrant, and challenging environment for learning. Students have their regular opportunities to challenge themselves in academic opportunities, sports, personal growth, and leadership. Sedbergh offers a wide range of activities, including sports, and arts.

info@sedbergh.com • www.sedbergh.com
TEL: (519) 429-5523

CCI The Renaissance School in Italy

Co-ed Semestered Boarding High School

- University preparatory school for 400+ students, North America's largest Univerbale. Taught in English, grades 10 through high school graduation.
- High academic standards.
- Medieval Landscapes on the Adriatic coast in central Italy.
- Advanced Placement (AP) courses offered.
- S.A.T. Test Centre.
- Safe, quiet, utterly charming and very historic.
- Expert qualified teaching staff.
- Superb modern facilities to cities throughout Italy and Europe.
- Study amongst the best of Europe in a culturally rich environment.
- A truly unique educational experience.

Celebrating a decade of excellence in education
99% of all graduates are accepted to Universities in North America, Europe and the U.K.

Now Enrolling, Full Year September 2003

North American Office
Tel: (905) 568-7166 • 1-800-422-5548 • Fax: (905) 568-5480
can@cci-italy.com

Italian Office
Tel: 011-54-0873-714869 • Fax: 011-54-0872-46028 • can@cci.it
Website: www.cci-italy.com

BCS... Small school Big heart
Vive la différence!

Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, Quebec • (514) 564-0227
boarding and day school for grades 7-12
www.bishopscollegeschool.com

At Balmoral Hall, our strength is her destiny

BALMORAL HALL SCHOOL
Windsor, Moncton, Canada
Tel: (506) 294-1100
www.balmorallhs.com

Yes, She can!



IN ANCIENT EGYPT CATS WERE WORSHIPPED AS GODS. APPARENTLY OUR NUTRITIONISTS STILL FEEL THE SAME WAY.

Protects your cat from outside threats of your cat with a formula specifically designed to help maintain his natural defense system. This includes Omega-3 fatty acids essential to a healthy skin and coat, essential vitamins support his immune system, and more, all in a highly proven, pure cat's diet and more. With all of this additional protection, Feline Pro Plan becomes your natural ingredient for a long lasting relationship with your cat. Available exclusively at participating pet stores.



PROTECTS WHILE IT NOURISHES™

THEWEEK

Post-mortem |

A culture at fault

In the end, it wasn't just a chunk of broken insulation that doomed the space shuttle Columbia and its seven astronauts in the sky over Texas and Louisiana in February. More at fault was a NASA culture that put deadlines before safety and couldn't seem to learn from past mistakes. In a scathing 248-page report, a team of 13 investigators concluded that the beleaguered space agency, brooking a steadily eroding budget, learned little from the 1985 Challenger explosion, which also killed seven astronauts, and that a sense of infallibility permeated its decision-making. A late-hour rescue mission using the shuttle Atlantis, while risky, might have been possible, the investigators said. But NASA officials never gave the option a chance. "NASA had conflicting goals of cost, schedule and safety," investigator Maj.-Gen. John Barry said. "Unfortunately, safety lost out."

Four astronauts had broken off the shuttle's enormous orange fuel tank before, but NASA's senior managers saw fit to overlook the risk. On Columbia's final flight, a chunk of foam weighing less than a kilogram and travelling about 800 km/h punched a hole in the leading edge of the left wing on takeoff. That was noted at the time, but management's record of overlooking small defects to check for damage. It was that breach that let no blast of hot air seep in, causing the vehicle to disintegrate in all of about 24 seconds.

It will take more than just money to correct NASA's weakness, the report said, but critics also wondered where any extra funds would come from. The Bush administration's current US\$441-billion budget deficit and the \$1 billion a week it spends in Iraq suggest there isn't much leeway left. NASA administrator Sean O'Keefe said efforts are already underway to change the agency's



The doomed Columbia and crew, the damage was done at takeoff

culture of complacency. And for some reason, Canadian Space Agency president Marc Garneau seemed to think things will be different this time around. "The CSA has confidence that NASA will take the steps required to ensure a safe return to human flight," Garneau said. He'd better be right. The next shuttle mission could go as early as March. A countdown of sorts has now begun.

BARBARA HANCOCK/SPACE

ScoreCard

A. Reformers
Environmental, social-skewed groups believe an angry letter to House said environmental fear is first spring up on all fronts. As for or so of psychological counselling and therapy back at the time. Helicopters summer job.

Y. Oil companies
Oil companies also could through an entire next, then a power blackout broke out seven U.S. and Canadian refineries in... what, a day or so and now we're paying through the nose for necks. What are they doing, tracking the stuff on lines long?

A. Berlin Event
Reggie's not a politician, meetings of Ontario's power commission. ("Today, demand was 26,140 megawatts...") someone looks popularly and not election talk is times. Still a long shot but not to worry. Another network always looking for candidates.

A. Civic Development
Shut's ball and everybody's scared. California's lieutenant governor, a Democrat, is leading backing state Arnold before emerging in the polls in the workers' weakest social divisions. Hollywood's... Working for the Revolving Door of Casey Debris

Y. Iraq War
Disagreements in Iraq PM's cabinet regarding when for Iraq war decision at least a playing all news based on intel met P.S. and he would have improved of picking up allegations against his staff too. All right, but still no sign of PM's?

Quote of the week | 'He looked upon Father Geoghan as a prize. No question he had been planning it for well over a month.' JOHN CONN, district attorney for Worcester, Mass., on the gay father James accused of strangling ex priest John Geoghan, a convicted child molester.



BOMBAY BLAST A pair of car bombs killed at least 52 people at a crowded jewelry market and at the courtyard of the Gateway to India, a colonial-era archway that has come to symbolize Bombay's British legacy. Authorities blamed Muslim militants from Kashmir, but the attack did not provoke the kind of religious backlash that has rocked India in the past. Coincidentally, perhaps, the bombs went off as archaeologists reported finding an ancient structure on the heavily disputed Jodhpur religious site, a cause of thousands of Hindu-Muslim deaths.

WORLD

PERSON JUSTICE Defrocked priest Luke Grogan, said to have poisoned nearly 150 boys in a scandal that shook the Catholic Church in Britain, was strangled to death in his prison cell recently. The accused is an inmate serving a life term for killing a gay man 15 years ago, and authorities said he went to extraordinary lengths to jam the cell door and fit locks together in a strangulation device. Grogan was executed to nine years for molesting a 30-year-old boy.

IRAQ Defies became the fourth major international relief agency to pull itself out of Iraq, citing mounting danger. Its decision came even as the UN Security Council demanded deliberate attacks against humanitarian aid workers will now be considered a war crime.

As of last week, 281 U.S. soldiers had been killed in Iraq, the majority of them since major combat was declared over May 1.

AFRICA EAST Harare fired a makeshift rocket at, for the first time, into a large suburb city, Ashokan. Israel responded by scaling its troops back into the Gaza Strip as the process for peace in the region continued to unravel.

SAFARI Traces of enriched, atom-grade uranium were found near an Iranian nuclear facility by UN inspectors, adding to fears that the fundamentalist regime may have a secret nuclear weapons program.

RUSSIA The U.S. murder rate rose in 2002, but violent crimes like rape and assault, and crimes against property, were at their lowest level in 30 years.

U.S. GDP showed a sharp second-quarter rise, boosted by increased defense spending. The bad news, though, was that Washington's deficit will reach record \$384.6 billion this year and an even higher \$394.4 billion in 2004, the new partisan Congressional Budget Office reported.

POACHING Endemic warning to off illegal fishers, Australian customs officials, armed by South African ranch and a British patrol boat, raided a Uruguayan trawler for 20 days through a long-term Antarctic mission to make an open sea capture. The trawler was seen fishing illegally in Australian waters for Patagonian toothfish, also known as Chilean sea bass, an endangered resource delicacy.

RELIGION Movers rolled a massive 'Ice Cream' monument from the public square of the Alabama Judicial Building to comply with a federal court order on the separation of church and state. Scores of aggrieved parishioners defied the move, and Alabama Chief Justice Roy Moore, who had installed the monument two years ago, was suspended for refusing to comply with orders to get rid of it.

AGING Harvard researchers said they have found a plant molecule that could be key

Over to You | BY STEVE WOODS

"I read this article once..."
SOUNDS BETTER THAN
"I saw this TV show once..."

Get your words from Maclean's and get insightful news with all the background and context it story deserves. Your cocktail party guests will thank you.

Sign up for Maclean's today. Call 1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

ROGUES

"I read this article once..."
SOUNDS BETTER THAN
"I saw this TV show once..."

Get your words from Maclean's and get insightful news with all the background and context it story deserves. Your cocktail party guests will thank you.

Sign up for Maclean's today. Call 1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

1-800-461-2266 or visit our website, maclean.ca

path for the shape of a wing. By now, a light in a field, all the voices were dead. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Then the world began to move. It was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time. I was, again, not fully seeing, writing, acting, thinking, and had lost all sense of time.

Mansbridge on the Record



HOW TO VISIT CANADA

Here's a plan to help young people travel—and give Air Canada a boost

AT THE BEGINNING of this summer, I used this space to talk about the problems at Air Canada—and then, in my next column, I made a plea to travel the country I hadn't made the two columns to be connected, but some people found a common thread and have been mentioning to me an intriguing suggestion that I relay as an end-of-summer idea for next year.

It's simple: give Canadians, especially young ones, an incentive beyond the no-frills route to see their country, explore it and travel. Here's the background: many young Canadians, it's said, travel Europe instead of Canada during their summers because it's cheaper. That's an interesting argument, but is it true? For those well off enough to travel Europe, it often has a lot more to do with a risk of passport than money. But having said that, there have been times when getting across the Atlantic has been cheaper than getting across this country.

There always seemed to be deals for students—heck, for travelers of any age—that put our cross-country fares to shame. We've all seen ads for, say, Toronto to Paris fares that were half those of a Toronto-to-Calgary trip. But a lot of things have changed, not least of which is a shaky airline industry desperately trying to make its business work while at the same time being forced to make flying more affordable to a broader selection of travelers. That's why you could, at I did the other day, a Toronto to Vancouver one-way fare of \$111—plus those pesky taxes and handling charges. But still, that's a deal—and you didn't have to fly in the last row next to the weed smoker, and stay over three Saturdays, and only fly on a "red eye," to qualify. You just had to take the seat.

So enough about the cost argument: what would make our 25 and under set more interested in seeing their country, while at the same time putting "horns in seats" on our airlines? Here's the idea most of us know about the Band pass—but about

\$600, you can take trains across anywhere in Europe any number of times over a set period. There's an equivalent, of sorts, at Via Rail. But for the purpose of this argument, let's stick to the air, where Canadians have no such offer. On the other side of the world, though, a pass is being used to boost air travel, and at the same time, revenues. For around \$1,500, you can buy a pass on Cathay Pacific Airways and use it to fly to as many as 11 cities on routes that cross Asia, during a 21-day period. Now, that's still a lot of money for a student, so if something similar was to be offered here, maybe Ottawa kids in half-something that would qualify as part of an airline industry support program. Think about what the airlines could do with all that potential business, think about what Canadian youth could do with the experience. You could travel to every province, every major city, all three territories—in short, you could see the country. That still leaves the issue of where to sleep and what to eat, but that's where kids are uncreative. After all, they're not staying at the Ritz in Paris when they use the Band, are they?

There are no easy fixes for the airlines during these tough times, in fact, a will take a lot of different fixes, and the industry may be hard to recognize when the dust finally settles. But surely there are some imaginative ways to resolve this beyond just slashing jobs, cancelling flights into smaller communities, and saving food that leaves you wondering what you just ate.

I'm sure Robert Milton is putting his Mackenzie down right now, calling his sales staff and government relations people together, and saying, "Come on, this is a great idea... let's get on it now and have it in for next year!" Then, again, how about that Champagne Elites?

Photo: Mansbridge in Chief Correspondent ©/BBC; Photo: Kevin and Andrew of The National; Photo courtesy of The Canadian National

Passages

WON Felicia Felicia of Pickering, Ont., made history at the World Track and Field Championships in Paris when she came first in the 100-m hurdles—the first ever world championship gold medal for a Canadian woman. Felicia, 23, also shattered the Canadian 100-m hurdles record when he crossed the finish line in 12.53 seconds. A student at the University of Illinois,



CHARGED Oklahoma prosecutors have filed criminal charges against WorldCom Inc. founder and former CEO Bernard Ebbers, alleging that he led to investors in order to inflate the telecom company's stock. Last year, the company declared the largest bank reorganization in U.S. history. A conviction on the 15-count indictment against Ebbers—born Ebbers, 62, and his other former top executives carries a maximum 10-year sentence.

COMPLETED As Liberal leadership candidate Paul Martin celebrated his 63rd birthday last Thursday, the transfer of control in his family shipping company to his three sons was finally completed. Martin ended the chaos in his Canada Steamship empire, a multi-million-dollar business, in order to end conflict of interest issues in Parliament should he win the leadership race.

CONVICTED A B.C. Supreme Court judge has sentenced former Prime Minister Michael Sefton, 79, for extradition to Italy to serve a life sentence for war crimes. In 2000, Sefton, a retired senior worker, was convicted in absentia Italy for the murder of 11 people at the Bolzano prison camp. Sefton, who came to Canada in 1951, will appeal the B.C. judge's ruling.

DIED In 1964, Sir Wilfred Thesiger wrote *The Marsh Arabs* about the Shiite marsh dwellers of southern Iraq who would later be a target of Saddam Hussein. The author, explorer and photographer was born in what is now known as Ethiopia and, though educated in England, spent most of his life in Africa and Arabia. Thesiger, 93, died in a London hospital.

Which would you rather have, a cholesterol test or a final exam?

For many, the first sign of heart disease is a heart attack. Did you know that one out of two adult Canadians is at risk of developing heart disease because they have high cholesterol? And that cardiovascular disease is the leading cause of death in Canada?

High cholesterol is a major risk factor for heart disease but managing your cholesterol can be quite simple.

If any of these apply to you, call the toll-free line and ask for more information about getting your cholesterol tested.

- Women 50 years or older
 - Men 40 years or older
 - Heart disease (angina, heart attack, coronary bypass, stroke, angiotensin)
 - Diabetes
 - Family history (uncles, aunts, siblings, brother or grandfather of heart disease or high cholesterol)
- Two or more of the following:
- Overweight
 - Physically inactive
 - Smoker
 - High blood pressure

OFFICE OF THE MEDICAL EXAMINER

Overweight Mo
Age 42
Sex M
Case No. 5341-95
Name J.B.
Cause of Death Heart attack

Making a Connection
www.makingaconnection.ca

For more information on heart disease, call the toll-free line at 1-877-466-9555 or visit www.makingaconnection.ca. This is not a medical consultation. Please consult your doctor for more information.



Relief | Which promises count when catastrophe strikes

When it comes to qualifying for federal relief, not all disasters are created equal. Floods, yes. Epidemics, almost never. Fires, sometimes. Not since the Book of Job, it seems, have the canyons of catastrophe needed so much sorting out. Provisions are lining up for money from Jean Chrétien to cope with SARS, forest fires, mud- and disease-infested. He promises to help. But the question is, how much? And from which federal programs? News that Finance Minister John Manley is seeking cuts in defence, foreign aid and other normal spending signalled that the need to

come up with emergency aid is causing a real scramble in Ottawa.

Just how generous the Liberals will be remains unclear. But there are rules when it comes to tapping the core emergency plan called Disaster Financial Assistance Arrangements—though largely its guidelines have been a source of confusion. David Neville, the director of financial assistance programs, explained the fundamentals to *Maclean's* Tim

Cherles, touring Newfoundland's fire, and, earlier this year, dining in SARS-infected Toronto

begin with, Neville stresses that disasters must be sudden and unforeseeable to qualify. So a drought doesn't count, but a flood does. Then the calamity must be severe enough to cost at least \$1 dollar in "eligible costs" for every person in the province where it happens. Federal assistance can then be up to 90 per cent of this extra cost.

Normal provincial spending, like firefighting, doesn't qualify. Neither does anything covered by insurance—or that should have been insured. But if a province decides to compensate small businesses for actual damage or non-insurable inventory, Ottawa will chip in. Big business, though, a cut of funds—and that means no DFAA money to Ontario electricity companies for blackout damage.

DFAA dates from 1970. But the biggest payouts all came in short succession in the late nineties—Quebec's Saguenay River flood of 1996, Manitoba's Red River flood of 1997, and the ice storm that hit Quebec, eastern Ontario and New Brunswick in 1998. Evacuations caused by forest fires are sometimes compensated, as is rebuilding roads and things like sewer lines. But Neville says health emergencies have never been considered eligible for compensation—one of the reasons for an angry stand-off between Ontario and Ottawa over SARS compensation. Ontario wants nearly \$1 billion in disaster-like relief; Ottawa is offering \$250 million for specific costs.

Finally, a key program limit is that it applies to the direct cost of grappling with a disaster, not the wider economic fallout. That means no DFAA payments to cover Chinese restaurants in Toronto abandoned during the SARS scare, or filling lodges in the B.C. Interior left empty as the forests burned. That is unless there is a huge political hue and cry. And then we're into the Sundry Wheel Rules of compensation that only campaigning politicians understand.

JOHN MANLEY



Glenfiddich

The
independent
spirit.



IMPORTED BY
PALM
WINES & SPIRITS
A DIVISION OF



REDHOT ANDCOOL

Today's leaders-in-waiting have much in common with the first young Canadians to watch that Maclean's profiled in 1961

THIS CAN ALL be laid at the feet of the late Peter Gaswold, this national obsession with transporting the achieving young. If he had it turned into freedom's office years ago, all of 26 himself and complaining about his generation of "middle-aged young," he wouldn't have been asked to do something about it. Which he did. That March of 1961, a *Maclean's* special report, *The Young Canadians: the emerging group of a new generation*, unearthed a host of future pooh-bahs, including a talkative young Tory from Quebec, 21-year-old Brian Mulroney, and "Toronto law student" Ted Rogers, then 23, who was clearly unimpressed by the project that he would eventually go out and buy the magazine, literally. The accompanying short story was from teenage Adrienne Pez, 22, known today as Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson.

That first take on leaders-in-waiting seems to have created a genre, everything from the Governor General's youth-oriented Leadership Conference every four years (began in 1963) to Canadian Idol. Other media have jumped in, but we have no intention of squandering our legacy, especially when readers continue to bombard us with a stream of unacknowledged nominees.

This current offering of Canadians under 30 includes a Quebec physician who is strug-



Gaswold spotted future pooh-bahs (from top) Pez, Mulroney and Rogers, took Jordan Factor (opposite) as a role model.

gling a computer so sophisticated it'll take another 10 years to make it; a leader-loving 33-year-old chef who won culinary gold for Canada at an international competition, and a literary upstart—a newspaper columnist at 16—who has been compared to Oscar Wilde. Gaswold would be amazed.

He would also smile wryly at the fearful symmetry of the sons and daughters of baby boomers now wailing forth to take up their rightful place at the barricades and podiums of the nation. Today's overweening things are at the forefront of a looming mini-boom, as demographer David Foote points out: "This is the first time in two decades Canada has seen an increase in the number of people in their 20s. With an even bigger market of mini-boomers pulling up the rear, that should give our current profiles a natural leadership edge."

Other advantage, notes Foote, is they emerge from relatively small cohorts, which has meant less competition for school and jobs, and correspondingly more freedom to wrangle with the big issues in life, perhaps even to take to the ice-paved streets, or to go abroad as do-gooding engineers or aid workers. That's exactly the space-reddening stuff Gaswold was on about. The guy could spot a trend.

ROBERT SHIPWAY

MAKING THEIR MARK

REACHING HIS GOAL

Small in stature but big of heart, Jérémi Rothen became a household name for many Canadians because of his gutsy playmaking in the final game of this year's World Junior Hockey Championship. Delighted fans at the Bellini Metro Centre cheered him on as the five-foot, nine-inch, 135-lb right winger helped power Team Canada to a silver medal finish this January. Expect much more of the same. The 20-year-old from Brampton, Ont., the first Irish male drafted by an NHL team, hopes to make the Nashville Predators this fall. Repeatedly, he has become a role model for Native youth. "It's something I take very seriously," says Rothen, who often visits seniors and schools. "I want the kids to know that dreams are always attainable—if you put your mind to it."

Toronto is ground of both sides of his heritage. His father, Barney, a plumber, is Irish, while his step-at-home mother, Rose, is Ukrainian. ("That makes me a Ukranian," he jokes.) Rothen began skating at the age of four. For the past four seasons, he played with the Western Hockey League's Brandon Wheat Kings. Teammates repeatedly voted him the most popular player. He's also overcome personal tragedy. Last summer, his older brother, Jason, a hockey prospect in his own right, committed suicide at age 22. Now, Rothen is on the cusp of achieving his childhood dream. "I hope to be in the NHL for a long time," he says. "It's something I grew up wanting to do and I'm ready to give it my best shot."

Canada's under-30s know what they want and have the spirit and the smarts to make it happen

THE NEWER WAVE

Disco still sucks and Hot Hot Heat, however. But Victoria's quippy pop quartet has found other ways to make people move. The band's frenzied dance-punk goes down like a triple-shot of espresso, mixing blaring, alarm-clock guitars with plucky keyboards, rumbly percussion and nerve-wicked vocals. In step with other international rock 'n' rollers, Canada's donny-boom-sewing-kum-Stereo Rays (vocals, guitar), Paul Hawley (drums), Dustin Hawthorne (bass) and Dante DeCora (guitar)—wear their hair shaggy and growl through college radio hits like *Roadcase* and *No, Not Now* from their 2002 debut, *Make Up the Break Down* (Sub Pop/Warner).

After the band's June nomination and praise from the global music critic mafia, audiences expect energy. The band delivers. "By the second or third song, we're spinning out and throwing sweat onto the crowd," says Rays. 25 "They'll just smile

and wipe their faces."

But Hot Heat's newer-wave sound was a happy accident, a by-product of the band's anti-formality. Together since 1999, they're about to record their second album, and Rays says the band aims to explore new territory—so long as the music's grounded by attitude and oomph. "The best artists are intuitive, passionate people, not dull and formulaic," he says. "Anything that makes you can be inspiring. That's where we want to go."

INTO THE UNKNOWN

Alexandre Blais can be excused for sometimes feeling lonely—not just because he's a French-speaking Quebecer from Sherbrooke now working in New Haven, Conn., but consider the role of his last academic paper: "Gravity Quantum Electrodynamics for Superconducting Electrical Circuits: an Architecture for Quantum Computation." It's aimed at a very, very small audience.

Blais works on the frontier of research into the unknown, although don't not how he describes his line of work. "I don't want to scare people away. I don't mention physics," says the 29-year-old post-doctoral student at Yale University. "I'm into computer development." But the type of computer he's working on doesn't physically exist, and may remain an abstract, theoretical consideration for super-brains like Blais for another 30 years. Quantum computers could be in today's desktops when the space shuttle is in Land's End's orbit of

DeCora, Hawley, Rays and Hawthorne of Hot Hot Heat make punk rock noise





mother to Toronto in 1990 following the fall of the Berlin Wall. "In Ukraine a chef is not a career—a chef is a housewife," laughs Budak, whose passion for cooking emerged early in life. "When I was about four, I was fascinated by what my grandmother was doing in the kitchen. I always wanted to help, but she never let me." Now, when she's in the kitchen, nobody gets in her way.

THINKING BIG

For a swimmer who has set dozens of provincial records, you'd think yet another accolade would be no big deal. But the silver medal

Budak banks on her backstroke to make a splash at the Athens Olympics next year.

Hilde's brother Buckland won last February at the Eastern Canadian Swimming Championships certainly was. Her time in the 15- and under division of the 100-m backstroke broke a 27-year-old Nova Scotia record held by Olympic champion Nancy Garapick, the best swimmer to ever come out of that province. "It's a checkpoint," says Buckland, 14, "a chance to see how we both compare at the same age!" A silver medalist at the 2002 senior nationals, she currently ranks

first for her age in Canada in both the 50- and 100-m backstroke.

Buckland wants to follow Garapick to the Olympics, to be held in Athens next year. But, for now, money may be the biggest obstacle. Theresa, who has already moved her family north so Buckland can take advantage of coaching and training facilities, is a single parent of two. A community development officer, she struggles to keep up with the financial demands—mostly travel expenses—involved in supporting her daughter's exploding swim career. As for Buckland, she's clearly got the desire to make it

WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT TOMATOES MAY HELP FIGHT CANCER IN THE FUTURE?



Through advancements in biotechnology, researchers are developing a type of tomato* that produces considerably more lycopene than conventional tomatoes. Up to 3.5 times more lycopene, a pigment that gives tomatoes their red colour, acts as an anti-oxidant in our bodies, capturing electrically charged oxygen molecules that can damage tissue. In fact, there have been many studies on the benefits of anti-oxidants and their role in helping prevent cancer. The research is ongoing and the first are due to be announced. If you want to learn more, we invite you to call us or visit our Web site.

WWW.WHYBIOTECH.CA
1-800-980-8660



Born To Tomato

COUNCIL FOR
BIOTECHNOLOGY
INFORMATION

* High lycopene tomatoes are still undergoing research and are not yet approved by regulatory authorities or available for sale in grocery stores.

good ideas are growing



When it comes to children's rights, says Harrier, adults have to prove they're serious

big—in the pool at 5:30 a.m. and training six days a week. And, it's a lot one, with first class already in store: a week's free 12, she's got the proposition, too

A KID'S BEST FRIEND

Some of us have role models. Laura Harrier has a saint. Since meeting Mother Teresa in 1995, Oran's Harrier has, among other things, launched a branch of *Prize the Children* (an international network of children helping other children escape poverty and exploitation), spoken out against child labor before Parliament, chaired the jury of the Swedish-based *World's Children's Prize for the Rights of the Child*, raised money for Turkish earthquake victims, organized a toy and clothing drive for kids in Kosovo, and written the first draft of "A World Fit For Us," presented at the 2002 UN's Special Session on Children.

New student at Victoria's Lewis B. Pearson United World College, a progressive high school with students from more than 80 countries, her next cause is youth protection. "I want to make sure that kids are

heard not only on children's issues, but on community issues in general," she says. Her experiences have created a healthy dose of skepticism about the adult world. "I can't pretend that I have faith in the commitment of adults. They have to prove they are serious when they make promises to children."

That's something at least she should have no trouble doing. On turning 18 in July, she joined the ranks of Nobel peace prize winners Nelson Mandela and Jawahar Nehru when the *World's Children's Prize* made her an Honorary Adult Friend.

HONING HIS CRAFT

It's a Canadian story with a Hollywood ending. A scruffy, artistic vegetarian from Gander, NL, heads to the big city of Toronto to pursue his dream. And Peyton (a direct descendant of one of Newfoundland's first families) wants to be in the movies. Rarely leaving his funky Queen Street apartment, Peyton spends his days painting, drawing and writing "progressively strange films" while registered at the Canadian Film Centre. One day, an unusual actor he wrote

and directed, Peyton *The Catechism of Evil Dead* (Giv, lands in the lap of executives at Playmate, Tom Hanks's Hollywood production company. Suddenly, Peyton's the hot new thing in cool L.A.

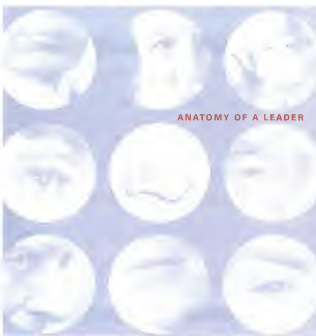
Hired to write and direct the future multimillion-dollar commercial feature film, *The Spuler and The Fly*, the 25-year-old is now pulling in a six-figure salary. "It's been a really crazy nine months," he says. "It's all a little weird. I've heard, 'This never happens, Brad,' about 15 times in the past year. But I believe in this. This is the most natural profession in the universe. If you believe in your stuff, there's no calling."

Peyton credits his home province for his creativity. "In Newfoundland, they largely let the commercial be creative," he says, which gives people permission to experiment. What's more, he adds, the culture is "very arts and crafts. If you've got glue, paper, cardboard and wool, put it together and a picture comes out of it." And if you're Peyton, just add dialogue and celluloid.

A SAVING PAY-OFF

At 10, when most kids are squandering their finances on candy, soda and candy, Calgary's Leanne Stanger pooled her Christmas, birthday and chore money to buy a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. Four years later, she got a part-time library job and began plowing most of her \$350 per month salary into mutual funds. Then, at 17, Stanger appeared on the Oprah Winfrey show where a financial guru declared her well on the way to becoming a millionaire by 25. The market downturn has likely set that timetable back, but the third-year University of Alberta commerce student is still doing pretty compared to many of her more spendthrift peers. "It's definitely about having choices," she says. "I'd like to do whatever I want when I finish school. The best way to do that is to make sure I have no financial commitments."

Meanwhile, Stanger is happy to dispense financial advice to friends as well as her parents. She also visits her province's schools to talk about the importance of financial planning. "Young people are not exposed to this sort of thing," says Stanger, who has written a book and would like to develop a curriculum on the subject. "And kids really need to be. Because of the pressures the baby boomers will put on the system, our generation is not going to have the same personal and economic security we got old."



ANATOMY OF A LEADER

ANATOMY OF A LEADER

What makes a great leader? The answer to that question is as **INDIVIDUAL** as the leaders themselves. Each leader finds greatness in a special combination of qualities that can't be duplicated. There is magic in that blend. Yet there are qualities that all great leaders share, no matter the field — business, government, art, sports — or any other area of endeavour. Leadership, for the most part, is a testament to the indomitable nature of the human **SPiRiT**. And thanks to a heralding man, woman or child, the genesis of mankind's greatness is occasionally unveiled. Leaders must have **ViSiON**. They must be adept at looking towards the future and anticipating what might be. Leaders must **LiSTEN**. By listening, they bring out the best in others and gain a wider perspective of the issues. Leaders must **CoMMUNiCATE**. They must know how to deliver directives, guidance, instructions and other information to people around them. Leaders must be willing to take **RiSKS**. All leaders must inspire **CoNFiDENCE** among their followers — and the root of this confidence is **CoURAGE**. Courage to motivate, to **iNspiRE** individuals to greatness far beyond what they themselves could ever have imagined was possible. Leaders are catalysts for **iNNOVATION** and dare to push the limits by finding **UNCoNVENTiONAL** solutions to traditional challenges. Leaders inspire **TRUST** in those who turn to them for guidance. Great leaders are often scholars in their field and are **iNTELLiGENT**. Like all great scholars, they aren't know-it-alls, they feel there is always more to **LEARN** and have a willingness to admit mistakes. Successful leaders are not only highly driven and intrinsically motivated; they also foster **ENTHUSIASM** in their associates. They have a high energy level, create **EXCiTEMENT** and are **CATALYSTS** for positive action. But no matter how leadership is defined, a particular attribute invariably rings true; if you are indeed a "leader", you undoubtedly will never quit, never do the expected, never rest on your laurels, never think that great is good enough, and **NEVER FOLLOW**.



Think you know who these leaders are?
Visit www.audienade.ca and find out.



Never Follow www.audienade.ca

ANATOMY of A GENIUS

CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM

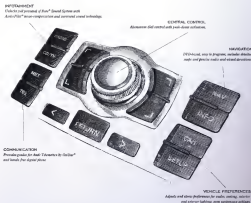


Fig. 36 — MMI, Multi Media Interface. The Central Nervous System of the A8 L, a highly intuitive, amazingly simple command system controlling virtually every function of the car.

MMI, Multi Media Interface. The most innovative command system on the market, it is also the most intuitive. Amazingly uncomplicated, you can master the commands within seconds. Straightforward, effortless and wonderfully logical, Britain's *Car Magazine* called MMI "the new benchmark." It is one of the countless innovations found on this premium luxury sedan. The all-new Audi A8 L. The world's most intelligently designed car.

MMI, MMI and the four-pointed star logo are registered trademarks of Audi AG. Audi A8 L is a registered trademark of Audi AG. Audi AG is a registered trademark of Audi AG. Audi AG is a registered trademark of Audi AG.



The all-new A8 L.



FACES OF THE FUTURE

Canada's leaders-in-waiting are already contributing to the world they're primed to inherit



Amateur golfer sensation Park, 16, made the cut in this year's LPGA Canadian Women's Open

THE ATHLETES

Nicolas Pietrangeli is on a roll. In May, he ran his personal best, 100 m in 10:51 seconds, beating out U.S. world record holder Tim Montgomery. Then, a rare double gold (in the 100 m and 200 m) at the national championships in July secured the Laval, Que., native a starting block at the 2004 Olympics in Athens. Finally, Pietrangeli's new Nicolas 190 spikes are emblazoned with the maple leaf and his year of birth. After all, he says, "how many 23-year-olds have their own shoe?"

Vancouver's **Don-B Park** wasn't a child golf phenom like Tiger Woods, but she was a fast learner. Eight months after taking up the game at 12, she walked away with her club's championship. Now 18, she won an unprecedented fourth consecutive Pacific title for players from B.C. and Alberta this year and competed in her second LPGA tournament. The only junior among 144 players at the Canadian Women's Open, Park led for 43rd—and proved there's more than one way to earn your stripes.

Rare—and jump—girl **Priscilla Felton**, 23, did that last time against the best week

winning the 100-m hurdles at the world championships. Waseda U.S. college tennis track and field athlete of the year twice (2001 and 2002), the University of Illinois kinesiology student from Peabody, Ont., is priming for Canada's team at the Olympics. Not bad for someone who, she says, in high school "needed running blades in all cases."

DO GOODERS

Twenty-four-year-old peacekeeper **Crystal Prosser** has volunteered in some of the world's hottest spots, including Israel and Egypt. Now, the Wexham, Alta., native is one of 10 Rotary World Peace Scholars—and the only Canadian—studying for a master's at Tokyo's International Christian University Peace Research Institute. Her future, she says, is in mediating conflicts over natural resources in the Middle East. Now that's hot.

Although Jamaica-born Toronto youth activist **Kevin King** has won stacks of local prizes, he's powerfully drawn attention to his failures—in student elections, sports and public speaking. Adversity, he says, breeds success. These days, the 25-year-old gives a hand up through the Red Bull Foundation, an organization he helped establish and chair. The foundation is raising funds to help local youth pay for post-secondary education—the "one thing," he says, "that can provide hope."

Candace Caravan lost her left leg in 1999 to a conveyor belt in a paper mill where she worked that summer. Now, the 25-year-old from Miramichi, N.B., is doing her best to increase awareness of workplace safety issues. With 62,000 young Canadians injured at work in 2001—some 60 of them fatally—she and her Halifax-based group, *Parapart to Safety*, really have a lot of ground to cover.

Greg Dietrich spears his 10th Christmas glued in a book he dad gave him: *Wild Wits of Dairy Cattle*. That's how much the budding bovine gourmet from Midland,



Ont., now 18 and a Millennium scholar at the University of Guelph—loves cows and fencing. After the 2000 Williams, Ont., E. coli tragedy, he spearheaded a 4-H Canada project on water management and quality fencing off the land as a lifestyle worth preserving, says Diemel, but he acknowledges "it's a difficult time for fencing."

Rossane Lee believes in making the road less travelled. The crossville postcard, house builder, piano teacher, organic soil cultivator and facilitator of workshops for school players, is earning medical school this fall at Queen's University. The 22-year-old aspired

to own, farm and protecting our water supply are Diemel's personal passions

writing scholar from Guelph, Ont., says she'll parlay that mixed bag of experiences into a medical career that supports peace initiatives around the world.

After snatching the show in 1992 with a twister of a speech at the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, **Steven Gellis-Sussak**, 24, has consulted with Bill Amos of the UN and other leaders on ecological and social justice issues. The Yale University-educated Vancouverite is the founder of Skyfish Project,

an environmental group whose "Recognition of the possibility"—a set of life principles to better our world—has been signed by thousands internationally.

Keyak guide **Michael Rivers**, 37, from Thule, Pelly, Ont., muscled down a man and three children in the St. Lawrence River in July 2000, but when the province tried to ban his brewery, he turned down the medal and accompanying \$500. Instead, he used the occasion to draw attention to Hydro-Québec's dam threats threatening to wreck havoc with the environment. Eight days later, then premier Bernard Landry put the



Strings are the thing for Cochenne de la Francophonie candidate conductor Benjamin

Belbin on future river dams. Successes in just one year.

A member of the Organizing First Nations in the Northwest Territories, **Jeffrey Copeman**, 25, showed his political vision in 2004, signing an anti-Liberal leadership show in Fort St. James. He hopes to second the Hill with his boss and then earn a master's in business or economics from Harvard before returning home to launch his own political career.

This year, 18-year-old **Moorehead Stella Madhaya** has won nearly \$85,000 in scholarships for her cancer research. Her latest work, "Silencing Cancer With RNA," proposes new genetic treatments for the disease. When she's away from the lab, Madhaya plays the violin, a pastime she's been practicing for most of her life.

Scholarship **Jeffrey Copeman** won't be flying to Mars. Until then, the 17-year-old Calgaryan is working on a telescope that would give us a closer look at our planet's future. After taking home several local science and engineering awards worth \$6,000 for his proposal, he's now working on a design for a small satellite.

In 1988, **Patricia and Janice Cuthbert** took to their garden's flowers with the best of any gardener's to experiment in cross-pollination. Their effort produced a white-eyed rose geranium and two new colors in breeding. Today, the 28- and 29-year

old Winnipeggers are working with a local radio group. In the process, they've received some 20 awards and \$200,000 in prize money for doctored research at the University of Manitoba that aims to increase the quality of Canada's No. 1 export wheat.

This year, 18-year-old **Moorehead Stella Madhaya** has won nearly \$85,000 in scholarships for her cancer research. Her latest work, "Silencing Cancer With RNA," proposes new genetic treatments for the disease. When she's away from the lab, Madhaya plays the violin, a pastime she's been practicing for most of her life.

Scholarship **Jeffrey Copeman** won't be flying to Mars. Until then, the 17-year-old Calgaryan is working on a telescope that would give us a closer look at our planet's future. After taking home several local science and engineering awards worth \$6,000 for his proposal, he's now working on a design for a small satellite.

In 1988, **Patricia and Janice Cuthbert** took to their garden's flowers with the best of any gardener's to experiment in cross-pollination. Their effort produced a white-eyed rose geranium and two new colors in breeding. Today, the 28- and 29-year

mechanics use his bag after the dad addressed him when he was an undergrad to try the books. Now, the 26-year-old holds the world record for the fastest molecular motion ever observed and has just published two papers in the prestigious science journal *Nature*.

Last May, **Clare Pritchard** won \$18,500 in prizes and scholarships at the Youth Science Foundation Canada national science fair—including best in the field. Her winning work documented the safety risks associated with cell phone use while driving. Now, the Thompson, Minn., student's main goal is to grow taller than her five-foot, three-inch frame. That shouldn't be too hard. She's only 13.

Most modern life is tough to fill a two-page column. Not 26-year-old **Benjamin Berger**. The University of Victoria grad's list of accolades stretches over nine pages. Currently doing a master of laws at Yale University in New Haven, Conn., Berger spent the last year as a law clerk in Chief Justice Beverly McLachlin. That's worth a few lines on a c.v. The resumes spanning 14 academic awards and an array of awards, scholarships and fellowships.

Good work and good works. That's **Jennifer Zwargh**. The University of Saskatchewan engineering student is studying brain tumors at the National Research Council's Institute for Biodynamics in Winnipeg, helping to develop groundbreaking treatment methods that will conserve the need for invasive surgery. Zwargh, 20, also coaches basketball and teaches piano to inner-city students. Good indeed.

Marvianne Catherine Genuche, 22, is an astrophysics student at the University of Alberta. She's a member of the youngest member of a scientific team developing a computer program to better understand the body structure of a viral invader like SARS, another self-organizing system. Her passion for pure science, she says, "is infectious."

Denying mathematical models one day and writing theory-free theory the next is the spirit of **Robert Rademacher**'s school. But that's what it takes to survive Canada's geography as well as its climate. Structural shifts in data and power plants. And with 15 published papers and countless awards under his belt, the 25-year-old doctor of geomatics (applying computer technology to geographic systems) should



have no trouble attracting clients to his new Calgary engineering company.

THE PERFORMERS

Touring the continent as lead man in Darcy's *Maia*, Jeremy Rothstein has already produced rock albums between shows. The 27-year-old Winnipegger's stage career took off in 1999 when a reviewer gushed over his Broadway performance as the lead in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Now, he's working on a second album with the same fast pace to boost sales.

Jean-Philippe Tremblay founded his own chamber orchestra in 1974. That was before

science-fay science Piffard was a cell-phone user to hang up while driving.

he'd learned a lesson in music performance from the Université de Montréal, a viola diploma from London's Royal Academy of Music and a reputation as one of the finest young violists in the country. Now often in 1999 when a reviewer gushed over his Broadway performance as the lead in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Now, he's working on a second album with the same fast pace to boost sales.

Former Moosehead Ryan Gossling just keeps getting hotter. Look for the 22-year-

old Canadian, Ont., native in three new Hollywood releases. Stay, by Monstar's Bill director Marc Forster, *The United States of America*, and *The Notebook*, also starring Gossling and James Garner. He won't be hard to spot—he's the lead man in all three.

In February, the *Cattars* was the East Coast Music Award for Best New Artist. Composed of two sons of Cape Breton siblings—Clara, 15, and Anna MacIsaac, 16, along with Jeremy, 16, and *Resonance MacIsaac*, 13—the Cadz has entertained audiences across the continent,

Cover

entire long-coloured pin on a map for every city they visit. With gigs set for Denmark, Japan and Scotland next year, says Pina, "I guess we'll need a bigger map."

Urbia's debut album, *2nd World*, sold 10,000, mostly in the indie and alternative sound worlds, but offering up a host of successful northern hits. The 28-year-old Denver singer-songwriter, who won three Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards last year, now plans to establish a studio in Yellowknife, her hometown.

Movie actress Jane McGlynn packs a powerful punch, whether playing a tomboy pregnant teenager in the Canadian teen-drama *Crash* or a feminist in the comedy *Slip Her*. She's French. But the 23-year-old Vancouverer sees a role for herself behind the camera as well, one day taking creative control with her own production company.

Soprano Shantel Mercer, 26, cut her chops as a young girl belting out folk songs for the Ottawa Welsh Society. She had no idea who she was singing, but still stole the show. Now, after performing a lead role in the Canadian Opera Company's production last season of Verdi's *A Masked Ball*, the native of Moncton, Ont., still captivates her audience and the new has a first grasp of her musical.

Country singer Aaron Uris has found success as the new hero in Nashville, the capital of the "country music" world. Now 25, with a 2002 *Juno Award* (Best New Country Artist) and an RCA Records contract behind him, the Fort McMurray, Alta., native is living proof of his North American Top 10 single, *You Can't Hold Back*.

Leanne Silbertson is a cry of her friends. While they're pulling in millions, the 16-year-old makes \$30 an hour teaching piano. But that's the least of her accomplishments. The award-winning Toronto native has also performed her own composition on CBC Radio and on stages in Canada, the U.S. and Japan. "I have perfect pitch and a gift for melody," she says.

When his season opened in April in the London film community's *Twice a Week*, Silbertson's 16-year-old son's at his usual place at the helm of his band. Instead, the soulful, bluesy 20-year-old singer was looking in the glory of winning *The Artist*, Quebec's version of *American Idol*—and a recording contract for a CD this fall. For this laborer, his father, is definitely been a good season.

Tyrolia Goss-Green's powerful presence here is also in a future project singing star. The talented 25-year-old from North Preston, N.S., is already the recipient of rave reviews and broadcast awards—including, when she was 11, winning *Harlem's Apollo Theater* long-standing Sunday night contest. Heading into her senior year of high school, she's hoping to clamp down on both a diploma and a professional singing career.

After Tracy MacDonald bagged the 2003 CIBC Star Search grand championship, the 29-year-old comedian from Dartmouth, N.S., used some of the US\$200,000 prize money



Pro: "most successful" in Star Search winner, MacDonald has had quite a year.

to set up house in Hollywood. There, she'll take advantage of a development deal with the network to pitch a sitcom. Last year, MacDonald remembers, friends called her the "most successful person under 30."

WRITERS & CO.

Author Sheila Heti's most recent series shows all the "cool" kids in Toronto to have each other speak on everything from the number 32 to 10th century female poisoners. Her murky takes the indie, but rather than her quirky ideas for the page, she focuses on her critically acclaimed collection of short stories, *The Middle Stories*, include a scientist, a dumpy, and a man who falls in love with a monkey. Next up for the 27-year-old literary groundswell is a novel, and a musical—no doubt, thinking more will come oddity into the Canadian arts scene.

With career exhibitions in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, 28-year-old artist *Paula Gossington* is getting up a busy life. In the novel *Monstrous* she's primarily with photographs and video because of the space they put between artist and subject. "Painters are very close to their work," says Gossington. "The medium doesn't allow them not to be, but I enjoy playing with the distance."

Vancouver author Steven Galloway, 28, soon above the *Canada's* crop-producer novel, *Acropolis*, about the vanishing world of the big top. Rights to the book—published in the spring to rave reviews—have been sold in seven other countries. Don't be surprised to see the University of British Columbia creative writing teacher one couple of major award short lists this fall.

Lets of folks have high hopes for *Adam Johnson*. He's been called a future PM, "one of the greatest writers of his generation," and the "next *East of Eden*." But the 25-year-old former newspaperman (at 16, he was a *Sheridan* columnist), 2002 North American public speaking champ and Fulbright scholar is a humble underdog. The summer, he co-manned second day for kids in his hometown. "The only thing that seems truly important," he says, "are stories and children."

ENTREPRENEURS

Not all such underdogs are duds. Take Charlotte-based *Timothy Technologies*, founded by Justin MacDonald. Its flourishing reputation at home and abroad has landed the 29-year-old computer whiz from Ugg, P.E.I., numerous business awards—recognition, perhaps, that he's underestimating his lofty goal. "To serve my God, my community and my province to the best of my ability."

Karen and Jonathan Wilb's quest was to dump them in the movies while they were shopping on the weekends. Now, the 26- and 28-year-old Toronto siblings make their own films. In *Conversations*, wrapped up last week, while her first feature, *Jack's House*, was two 2001 New York International Independent Film & Video Festival awards. With a TV series in the works, *Take Square* Media Group Inc., which also includes a record label and publishes their house may realize its dream. "In 2005, we will have generated the world for 100 years."

What does one do with all the dang dang crop producer? Ben Weiss, 26, from Spiritwood, Sask., and founder of *Susana* based Clear Green Environmental Inc., has an answer. He transforms the raffish biogas, a source of electricity and heat, burning dang into dollars and granting the plants in the same time.

Profiles by Robert Aulic, Brian Bergman, Amy Carleton, John DeMott, Steven Gossington, Jonathan Gossington, John Jones, Josh Leach, Kim MacQuinn and Julie Roberts



INFERNAL FIRE

For many British Columbians, the summer of '03 will be burned in memory

AT TIMES last week, the sky on Kelowna's southern flank seemed possessed by a malevolent face, as though the B.C. city were lying under a volcano. Winds would fan the Okanagan Mountain Provincial Park fire, sending swirling plumes of smoke high into the air. Local radio stations—which have relied for little else since the firestorm of Aug. 23 and 25 forced the evacuation of 30,000 and destroyed 250 homes—would announce the danger, temporarily hushed, had awakened again. “Tonight it blows only smoke,” a broadcaster said after a particularly

showy display, as winds blew the 20,000-hectare fire back on itself, and away from the city. Douglas fir and ponderosa pine crinkled in the distance—exploding in fireballs, like fireworks in the night sky.

The campfire smell that pervaded the city seemed curiously apt, for Kelowna had become a place of temporary lodgings—and it will be for months to come. Strangers and friends alike gathered in restaurants and bars, sharing their stories. These will become the collective history of a community rising tragically out of the ashes of disaster.

Similar stories were being forged in much of the blazing B.C. Interior—in Nanaimo and Burnaby, in Cranbrook and Spassan. With almost 600 fires still burning in the province at week's end, Premier Minister Mike de Jong could not speak of this season in the past tense. “Any one of those fires could remain this,” he said, pointing to the Okanagan park fire during a visit to the hilltop site serving as the forest service command centre. Sure enough, the next day, the Lamb Creek fire in southeastern B.C. swapped into forestry, forcing evacuations near Cranbrook

“Everything that can be done has been done,” de Jong said of the 5,000 people fighting the fires. “And everything that needs to be done will be done—and there’s a hell of a price tag associated with that, close to a quarter of a billion dollars now.”

The emotional toll is beyond calculation. All but 4,700 of Kelowna's 148,000 residents were allowed back into their houses within a week of being evacuated. Others will never back to their homes. The loss of homes tore the charred war zones of their former neighborhoods, with little but yellow tape, rubble and who to make their homes.

It all became too much for Lorraine Langley. The electronics vendor in her motel room wouldn't work, and she pounded on the door in frustration, knocking into it. The single mother was crowded into the room with her daughter, Lorraine, 14, her son Alex, 13, three cats and a dog. On Aug. 24, she'd fled into Trinity Rejoice Church with

five in fire clothes to rage out of control, people started to take stock of their losses.

hundreds of others to secure the awful news that her house, an idyllic mobile-home park, was destroyed. She filed an insurance claim, a bit excited at the prospect of rebuilding. “I was picking the couch I would buy.” Then a friend phoned, urging her to look at the front page of that day's *Vancouver Sun*. Langley was stunned to see an aerial photograph that showed her home and that of her immediate neighbors were the only survivors in a blackened landscape of destruction. It meant even more uncertainty. Her children were to start school this week, but where? She'd asked rumors the trailer park owner did not want to redevelop the site. “I could be homeless for months,” she said.

The disaster brought differing reactions. There was the frustration that uncertainty brings to the dispossessed. There were the

inevitable doubts, did forestry crews bat hard enough when lightning struck upland the fire? Such smoldering resentments, however, were largely drowned under showers of gratitude and generosity. Fire crews, sailors, police and emergency personnel were celebrated as heroes, with yellow ribbons affixed to lapels and vehicles, and in spontaneous displays of affection. Master Cpl. Denis Ramona of Edmonton's Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, which was mopping up hot spots in the fire-ravaged forest, received his men in town with a buddy's previous night. When the soldiers asked further bail, it was already paid.

Kelowna Fire Chief Gerry Zimmermann has become a national media star and local hero-in-chief for his deft, compassionate, and occasionally profane handling of the disaster. He's shyly backed by Mayor Walter Gray and Ron Morrison, director of the city's Emergency Operations Centre. When resident Lisa McElroy and her 10-year-old



daughter Lindsey dropped off a batch of "moister cookies" at the firehall, areas with equal measures of gratitude and pride. "I'm so impressed with the city of Kalamazoo's disaster plan," said Lisa, who works at the local hospital. "They're not a bunch ofbumblers, they really know what they're doing."

And with 1,500 soldiers fighting fires in I.T., few accuse Ottomars of indifference. Sgt. Rob Jensen, also with the Patriots, recalled being thrown into the wild fight to save Kalamazoo's suburbs. He and a fellow soldier at times grabbed garden hoses to stop spot fires from reaching houses. "You see people's homes, children's toys in the backyards, people driving out of evacuated areas with their kids in the windows. It's sobering. It reminds me of the importance of what we're doing."

Not all residents fled. Contractor Jerry Scherle, his wife, Beth, and their four children, aged 17 to 25, were among the stubborn two per cent who refused evacuation orders. In those cases, the RCMP collected

the keys; it was a shock to discover her house had survived the fire's destruction.

The names of most of his, and several residents not to expect rescue if things got ugly. To defend their 1.6-hectare property on Jane Springs Road, the Scherles topped up the swimming pool, packed up two 2,700-litre water tanks at a salvage yard, bought a fire pump and hundreds of metres of fire hose, crammed nearby brush, and set sprinklers on the roof.

Still, nothing quite prepared them for the roaring approach of 120 m-high flames. "We were actually going to lose our house," said Beth. "I know it." Jerry's father, Megford, a pillar of the Salvation Army, had died just five days before, leaving the anguished son to confront the approaching conflagration. Jerry's not a regular churchgoer, but he was having words with the Lord. "What the hell did I do wrong?" he asked, "that you bring this thing down my valley?"

By late last week, Jane Springs Road was among the areas still under evacuation, the fire's leading edge about a kilometre away. The Scherles remained hunkered down. "You know what happened?" Jerry said on the phone from their house, well behind police barricades. "This is like a miracle." That night, when all seemed lost, there was a huge crash of thunder. "And it rained on us," he said. "I'm not kidding you. It rained for five minutes, and there were no more leaping flames." That arm of the fire collapsed, its forward march stalled.

The Scherles, like many residents of Kalamazoo, are left to reflect on the good fortune even aerial adversity. And like many here, they have a story to add to the family legacy. After a week that saw the death of a loved one, the near destruction of the family home, and his own stay atop in the bowers, Jerry thought his father may have left a final, posthumous gift. "I just wonder," he said, "if maybe he had a talk with I fire up there?"

Natural Real

Haircolour? You're an original. You want to be yourself. So you go for what's natural. Real. Nothing fake.

You'll like **new** Grecian 5. The new generation of haircolour. The most technologically-advanced formula available. With an exclusive blend of vitamins and botanicals...for the healthy look of hair that never went grey. It's so easy, even kids only 13 and up. It makes you look like you're young.



real NEW Haircolour

A generation Ahead



'THE WORST PLACE ON EARTH'

ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU finds little hope for peace amid the havoc wreaked on this tortured African country

FOR THREE DAYS, I have been held up in Monrovia, Guinea, a jungle town on the southern border, waiting to get into Liberia. The La Palme Hotel is mostly a quiet place, abuzzing the occasional libidinous trucker. There, I return once more to my dank cell, greet once again at the canteen porter on the wall, alongside the escapee from the



Scriptures: "Abandon the passions of youth. Seek righteousness, faith, love and peace." I have just made my third visit to the boys of Bush Station Two—a rebel radio post just outside of their embattled country. I have put my hopes in them to secure safe passage through the Liberian hinterland on my journey toward the capital, Monrovia,

some 500 km to the south on the Atlantic Coast.

The boys are young and fierce, most are orphans, which would explain why they are in Guinea and not fighting in Liberia, where their rebel group, *Liberians United for Reconciliation and Democracy*, is currently pushing further into government-controlled territory. They spend their days in a crumbling villa among some damaged heavy machine guns, smoking dope and playing checkers, waiting for Solome Conneh, chairman of LURD, whom they expect will return soon from peace talks in Ghana. Over the radio, the boys have been seeking sanctuary for me to make my journey, and, hoping to pressure them, I've headed there for a few hours as they wait to their colleagues in media posts spread out across the jungle. Escaping,

I begin to wonder whether there is actually any war out there. Fela Rik, a teenage radio operator with a mangled foot, tells me that former Liberian president Charles Taylor, who vacillated from office on Aug. 11, was "the last refugee of Liberia—rightly sent off to Calabar, Nigeria."

Liberia was created in the 1820s by freed American slaves, who were soon rearing prosperous rubber plantations with cheap labor. Their hold on the country was shattered in 1950 when an illiterate peasant sergeant, Issac Kanyon Doe, broke into the executive mansion, dethroned the sleeping president and became the first Liberian not of American descent to rule the country.

Liberia and Congo were co-opting sides of the Cold War, and Doe's regime contin-

ued to receive massive financial support from the U.S. But the government became increasingly paranoid, concentrating wealth in the hands of Doe's own ethnic group, the Kruhs. With the end of the Cold War, financial support dried up, and with ethnic divisions growing (Liberia has some 15 ethnic groups), Taylor launched a rebellion against Doe, who was captured and killed. But the war did not end there: outside intervention and internal divisions broke the rebel movement into factions, which then waged war throughout the 1990s.

I wanted to witness the struggles for democracy and peace, and first made my way to Liberia in 1997 for a short observance.

Rebels on the march (top left); answering journalists (middle); a scene in Monrovia.

the country epitomized the incalculably violent heart of the dark continent. Unfortunately, this economic and pessimistic description has not yet been disproved. During Taylor's presidency, and after it, there has been no peace. That December, the war, in which 250,000 people have died, will be 14 years old.

In victims are everywhere. "I'm 37," says Mohammed Cassara, a Liberian refugee in Monrovia. "I'm still waiting for my life to start, and it's already passing me by." Mohammed is a Mandingo, and has the graceful features of his people. He was working college when the war broke out, and it has chased him from one place to another ever since. "For the Mandingos, the first year of the war was the worst," he explains. "We were held up and hungry in Monrovia. My

eldest brother finally went out to find food. Taylor's forces stopped him. To their surprise, he told them to their face that he was a Mende. They cut him to pieces then and there. After that we got organized. LURD has sprung from our need to fight for our place in Liberia."

The Mandingos were traders and shopkeepers. For poorer tribespeople whose last dime went to buy soap and kerosene from the Mandingos in a time of crisis, jealousy and resentment sprang to the surface. "They say we are not Liberians," Mohammed continues, "because our people originally came from outside the country."

My own father came to Liberia as a teenager in 1910. He had five wives and 13 children. I am the last of his children. If not Liberian, what am I?"

Mohammed takes me to his bride house and introduces me to his young wife and to his daughter. "I was hoping to visit until I had made something of myself before starting a family. But I could only wait so long. I'm afraid that I'm beginning to lose my ambitions, that I won't ever become a lawyer as I had planned." With a gentle, resigned smile, he adds, "Now, more and more, I'm turning to religion. I guess that's all I have."

I decide to find another way into Liberia, and finally get a chance with some corrupt market women who are running a sugar supply across the border. When I tell them I'm trying to get to Monrovia, the thickest and squickest of the bunch tells me that she will come with me. "To see my children," she says. We enter Liberia at Nimba County, and find a very different scene. Nimba is where Taylor started his rebellion in 1980. He recruited members of the Gio and Mano tribes, traditional enemies of Doe's tribe. And he set up the infamous Small Boys Unit, which led to the trend of child fighters in Liberia. Some of Taylor's forces are still here. Cut off from Monrovia, wedged up against Guinea and the Ivory Coast—two countries that support the anti-Taylor rebels—they are completely stranded, and without their leader. The only way in or out is along a very bad road, running through thick jungle from eastern Guinea



"They are my good friends," said Jusu Ibrahim. "So right I never died."

to the Liberian border town of Yekpa. It was built from scratch by an American-Swedish company, to house workers hauling iron ore out of the mountains. The company has long since left, leaving planned streets and houses that are slowly being engulfed by the jungle.

The border post at Yekpa is a rundown concrete structure overrun by young fighters. I'm led into a small room containing distressed civilians. Then I ask, *At last, "humanity" arrives.* It's a truly frightening thing when a 55-year-old public official, frantically leaps to attention as a 25-year-old killer enters the room. The young fighter's name is Worrey-Gem. Worrey. He joined the Small Boys Unit in 1999. "I ain't afraid no more," he boasts when I ask him about it. After a superheated exchange of respect and peace, I'm finally released.

Facing at the "P" Market, an abandoned

strip mall grouped around a large paved square. The place is crowded with armed young men. A video parlor shows action flicks and Nigerian melodramas. Off to the corner of the square, I watch a 12-year-old prep his AK 47 against the wall and begin peacefully mowdowning through a series of self-styled kang fu moves. Decadent commodities in gift fits—covered four-wheel-drive vehicles—come into the square, come to a screeching halt, and then readily take off.

At one point, some older businessmen arrive, loaded by some boys carrying black plastic bags. Bags piled of fairly worthless bills

are pulled out and passed off to the commanders. These businessmen say they are surprised and happy to see me, but disappointed when I tell them I don't work for the BBC, the print news source in these parts. They admit that the situation in Nimba is very bad—and getting worse. "We wait peace," one tells me, "but the rebels are continuing to attack us."

They are eager for me to continue on. Phone calls are made, they tell me transportation is on its way. I'm to travel to Gulu, to meet the front-line commander with some of Taylor's remaining forces. They want me to see for myself that LURD is continuing to attack in spite of a ceasefire that was signed on Aug. 18, and which installed an interim government until elections can be held in October.

As I wait, I get to know the fighters. Thompson, a.k.a. Whiskey, has an easy way about him. When Taylor's forces were fighting in the rebellion in the Ivory Coast last year, Thompson took up arms and joined them. It was largely a debacle, and helped cement the international community's resolve against Taylor. Now, Thompson is still fighting—against LURD. "I am lucky," he says with a hanger-on. "I just got back from the front line in Gulu. I used to always walk with my three friends. They all died at the front—now I walk alone."

Oliver, who speaks French, is from the Ivory Coast. He's 13, but looks 10. In the chaos of the rebellion there, he lost touch of his parents and was swept up in the fighting. His commander, a Sierra Leonean serving Taylor, was ambushed and killed

**THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EDITION
JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE IS HERE.**

IF YOU WANT TO CONQUER MOUNTAINS, YOU NEED TO LOOK THE PART. SO WE'VE LOADED THE JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE WITH SPECIAL FEATURES LIKE PDG LIGHTS, TOW HOOKS AND SILVER ROCK RAILS. BUT THE LIMITED ROCKY MOUNTAIN EDITION GRAND CHEROKEE DOESN'T JUST LOOK THE PART, IT ACTS IT TOO.

ONLY AT
JcCp
Jeep

© 2001 Jeep Corporation. All rights reserved. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation. Jeep Grand Cherokee is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

and Oliver fled to Liberia. Patasila runs deep in this war-torn area, and so we talk some young women tell Oliver to keep his mouth shut. When he doesn't listen, they say they will have him beaten.

I take him away, far away from the local radio shop. It's a gathering place. I settle in with Oliver, and an elderly priest comes a conversation with a stiff, old preacher who wants the world to know about the mystery he has founded. He hopes it will bring about national reconciliation through the word of God and the message of love. "It is to be childlike worldwide," he proclaims. Suddenly, from my left, a swarm of heavily armed men descends upon Oliver. They are armed with AK-47s mounted with bayonets. Before I can react, little Oliver is knocked from his chair and his shirt is torn off him. He is his repeatedly jump up shouting, and attempt to cover him with my body. The preacher jumps in and tries to pull me off, telling me to leave them. "It's their way," he tells me. I can't help but shout back at him: "Where is the love, preacher?"

Some commanders intervene, and the beating stops. They grill me about what Oliver might have told me. I display his statements and assure them that he said nothing of any importance. They make me pull out my camera and erase the photos I had taken of Oliver, and go over my notes to make sure I did not write down anything sensitive. Oliver is led out on the back of a pickup truck, surrounded by fighters. I point my finger at one of the commanders and tell him that he never should come to the boy. The vehicle speeds off with Oliver in the back, terrified.

FINHAPPY In late Yikapi, with a businessman on a truck digging further into Nimba County. The business goes some and some. I'm passed off to another businessman in the town of Sangikili. Floyd again looks and feels friendly. He wonders how I will manage with the front-line commander. "I only know how they deal with us as enemies, that's all," he says. I tell him that I believe in the goodness of human nature. Floyd laughs, and for a price arranges transportation for me to a four-wheel drive vehicle.

As I approach Gaborie, each village begins to look like a mine. The town is still so new. Once a bustling community, it is now a major one. A new destroyed. Floyd's driver won't even enter, and I'm left



Young rebel fighters on their way to attack the capital take time out to pose.

at the first checkpoint outside of town. With night approaching, I begin walking, trusting on the most casual set I can muster.

Gaborie is the worst place in Sierra Leone. Under the onslaught of heavy weapons and mortar fire, it is no more. You cannot see from its mangled streets without tripping on empty shell casings. Tents, houses, telephone

I SENSE he would sooner kill me than look at me. I wait for him to give that terrible order, in an African tongue I won't understand.

poles, all have been scrapped apart by gunfire. Lured destruction of Gaborie is the fate of all soldiers in heavy blows. They are now forced to make their stand in the dead zone with only supplies. As I walk, fighters begin recog-

nizing from destroyed structures all around me. One approached me with a strange tone in his step and says, "You are my good friend. I am Jusu Manki. I will take you to the commander."

He tells me to hold still with wounds of and dying soldiers. There is a cry and desperate air about them—they close in on me, asking all sorts of questions. I play cool and keep smiling, but some members of the pack begin laying claim to my various possessions. Others yell at them: "Not! We are civilized men!" One wounded fighter aims at a hot cocoa drink for me. Jusu and I physically try to not let me onwards. Finally, a vehicle arrives, and a commander urges me to get in. We speed off to meet the front-line commander.

These fighters are a different breed from the ones in Yikapi. They wear dark and dirty clothes. They all have their hair braided into cornrows, up to a headscarf on the tops of their heads. They are quiet. The car takes into the night, proceeding toward the front. We pass some evil-looking checkpoints, then come to a stop. The engine and headlights

are turned off. The fighters disembark and spread out across the road. Up ahead is a lone figure. No one approaches him—he is dead, locked shadow. Barefoot and unarmed, this is Pwasec Butler, the front-line commander. "I told them once, I told them twice, I told them three times, not to shoot the journalist here," he says. "But they didn't listen."

My heart sinks. All at once I understand the strange approach to everyone seems to have had when talking to the front-line commander. They are terrified of him. He holds the troops together in this area and never leaves the front—Pwasec Butler is the wall of terror holding off the enemy hands from overrunning all of Nimba. His English is elegant. He speaks softly, even melodiously. "They told me that if anything happened today, I would be responsible," the commander says. "Well, I can't guarantee his security."

I attempt to talk to him. "Commander, can I have a word?" The night is dead still, and no answer comes. I sense he would sooner kill me than look at me. I wait for him to give that terrible order, in an African tongue I won't understand. Then, he says, "Wait! Wait! Not to Sangikili. Not to Yikapi. I want him gone. Not to Sangikili. Not to Yikapi. I want him gone back where he came from. We all wait a moment, and I say, "Let him go." We get back in the car and speed back toward town.

I'm taken to another commander—a wounded general who would act on Pwasec Butler's vague and ominous orders and decide my fate. Jusu steps in and says that I should be leaving, and that he will seek advice from another commander as to how I should go about doing that. Luckily, the general is in the middle of an argument with another fighter—about how that much water hasn't been coming around anymore since the general got shot up. As a result, he pays me little attention. Jusu returns and announces that he was given the order to lodge me for the night, and that transportation would be found for me in the morning. As we walk through the darkness, I reach out and grab Jusu's shoulder. What teeth please back to me.

Jusu feels me what little he can. He is giant, and looks at me with a suppressed rage. He comments on how my teeth look healthy and full, unlike his. But he's the only friend I have. He shows me his colleague, a badly wounded soldier crumpled up beside the fire. I do not sleep that night.

Not does Jusu. Through the night, he is in the crumbling house, all eyes and ears, as he stands outside, repeatedly finding out the number who come for me. Gunfire sounds to the right.

At first light, Jusu knows I didn't sleep. I tell him I know he didn't either—and that I know what was happening. "At night, I saw God," he says. "They wanted your heart for their joy"—a West African religious practice involving a sacrifice. He then asks me: "Can you walk out of here?" I quickly reply, "Yes!"

I WATCH a 12-year-old prop his AK-47 against the wall and begin shadow-boxing through a series of self-styled kung fu moves.

dark night. I see "Jusu reminds me to say goodbye to your wounded soldier. With closed, sad eyes, the poor man simply raises a hand to me from his bed and sends me off with a parting smile. We take a bush path, and Jusu

says me on small well outside the town. I walk the 30 km out of the jaws of death. I will have to find another way to Monrovia.

Liberia is not yet out of reach, but it is absolutely beyond self-report. A peace deal has been signed, but even the first American presence in the capital is now being sanctioned by the U.S. government's decision last week to withdraw its troops from Monrovia to the safety of U.S. warships off the coast. And the West African peacekeepers who were sent in, led by Nigeria, say they do not have the mandate to deploy outside of Monrovia.

The forces that rid Liberia of Taylor are now out of control. Rebels have cut the country in half. They are still pushing south toward Monrovia, and from the south and west they are closing in on Nimba to exact vengeance on their old rival Jusu. Pwasec Butler's palace fortress will not hold them off indefinitely. Disaster lies ahead. But I still believe in human nature. God bless the quiet little woman who sits weary about their children. God bless Jusu Manki, and Oliver whom I will not see again, because there is no peace here.



U.S. expansion in your future? Call us first.

If you're already exporting to the U.S. then you may already know how much more you could do by expanding here. While we can't predict your future, we have a team of industry leading professionals ready to help you explore the possibilities. When you're ready to expand next door, talk to your next door neighbors first. Call us at 1.800.916.9573 and get the information you need to make smart choices.

Buffalo Niagara
U S A

buffalonignia.org

1.800.916.9573

Call us first.

DIAMONDS WITH AN EDGE

Canadian stones are transforming the industry, KATHERINE MACKLEM writes

WWWA, ONT., is a town known to cross-country hitchhikers as a cursed spot. They say you can be stranded here for days, dusty and miserable on the side of the Trans-Canada, waiting for a lift. The town itself is a little like that, too—in need of a lift—and has been ever since 1998, when the nearby Ekramine ore mines closed down after 60 years of production. Recently the signs on the way into town suggested the population is 3,700 now, down from 4,500.

Yet in the bush out for two months, something promising—at least potentially—is taking place. Alan Sheltley, chief executive of the Gemco Group, is sitting in a mechanical shovel clearing out undergrowth to expose a massive rock bigger than a Volvo. Another shovel is working a hole, washing away leftover dirt. Another can move an already exposed patch of the lumpy and speckled rock with a circular saw that screams and sends off plumes of smoke. In a moment, he'll chisel out a hunk of rock the size of a man's chocolate bar. Then old-time prospecting. Sheltley's looking for diamonds. In fact, this position of a small exploration company already knows the precious stones are in these rocks. He has one small well containing a little gem, three-quarters of a cent in size, and another with many tiny ones. Are there enough, and are they big enough, to merit worthwhile development? He's hopeful. "The sample size sample he's just taken is from a boulder on the Earth's surface that's from the part of the Earth's mantle where the big diamonds are," Sheltley says. "That's the key."

Exploration activity like Sheltley's has been going on almost everywhere in Canada ever since an eccentric and dogged prospector named Chuck Fipke discovered diamond deposits north of Yellowknife in the early 1990s. Hundreds of exploration companies have been searching Canada's wilds for the gems—as elusive as they are covered up and with some fabulous payoffs. Two mines in the Northwest Territories, one that opened just this year, are producing some of the best-quality diamonds ever seen. At

new mines are developed as the next few years, Canada will overtake South Africa as the world's third most important producer, after Botswana and Russia.

Although Canada is a new entrant in the exclusive club of diamond producers, its entry into the business has been explosive, turning new ideas and new ways of doing business on an industry long entrenched in an old-style way of operating. Some Canadian discoveries, including Sheltley's, are challenging the geological wisdom about where diamonds reside. And on a marketplace increasingly worried about blood diamonds—called that because, amid reports of slave labour and corruption, they have helped finance horrific civil wars in countries such as Angola, Democratic Republic of the Congo and Sierra Leone—Canadian gems have the additional cachet of being conflict-free. Pro-



The success of two new mines has Sheltley and others prospecting all over Canada.

ducers here are initiating the concept of bonded gems—stones with a microscopic symbol like the triple leaf emblem on an edge—and introducing a gemstone far from them.

But most importantly, Canada has challenged South Africa-based De Beers Group, the multi-national, world-wide monopoly player. Because diamond dealers have already chipped away at the De Beers cartel, but with little impact on the way the game is played, Canadian operators, however, are

facing the world's single most dominant diamond company to play by new rules that could ultimately change the way the business is conducted all around the world.

THE MYSTIQUE about diamonds isn't just about the entrancing, magical dance of light they wear, and it's not just the imagination of brides-to-be that are captured by their unmatched sparkle. The gems, once exclusively the jewels of kings and queens, started out billions of years ago in pure carbon in the mantle more than 130 km below the Earth's surface. The immense pressure and heat of the mantle crystallized the carbon into a unique chemical structure, forming the hardest known substance (not to mention the basis for that remarkably durable alloy, diamond-reinforced). When molten liquid called kimberlite magma traveled through the mantle, it, like a bus picking up passengers, brought the gems closer to the Earth's surface. From a few kilometers below the surface, the magma then erupted, spewing lava, rocks and particles into the air. Underground, it solidified, embedded with diamonds, into what's called a kimberlite pipe. Not all pipes hold the precious stones. Geologists love this stuff.

"It's no surprise there are diamonds in Canada," says Roger Mitchell, one of the world's leading experts on kimberlites and a professor in Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ont. Diamond-bearing kimberlites only occur in the parts of the world, he explains, where there are ancient-old rocks that lie undiscovered for billions of years. While much of it is covered in trees or ice or swamps, the Canadian Shield, which covers almost half of Canada's land mass, contains the world's largest expanse. The world's largest kimberlite has been found in Canada, too. It's in Saskatchewan, and just one pipe spans 242 hectares. In comparison, the first pipe at the Ekram mine in N.W.T., a kimberlite full of magnificent diamonds, covers 2.56 hectares.

Currently, the most successful players in Canada are two large firms. BHP Billiton



Left, in Australia, opened Ekram, Canada's first diamond mine, in 1998, after striking a deal with prospector Fipke. The Tinto pit in London, England, is the mining career of De Beers, a mine that opened just this year, 35 km southwest of Ekram. Perhaps because it raised out on those two pipes, but also in recognition of the significance of Canada on the world scene, De Beers—which has quietly been exploring here for 30 years—has ramped up its budget for Canadian exploration. Last year, 45 per cent of the diamond giant's global exploration budget was spent in Canada, says Richard Molyneux, president and

chief executive officer of De Beers Canada Corp. Right now, the company is involved in 10 different projects, some of them solo, others as joint ventures. "A lot are in the early stages and a lot will fall by the wayside," he says.

Molyneux expects De Beers will be operating three or four Canadian mines and one processing plant. Two are close to being operational: the Snop Lake project, located east of Ekram and Ekram, and the Victor mine, a site in northern Ontario on the shore

of James Bay, could be in full production by 2009. "We are very committed to Canada," says Molyneux, a South African and De Beers lifer who moved to Toronto in 1999 to manage the company's Canadian affairs. And, as a little reminder, with just a hint of the power behind the De Beers name, he adds, "Diamonds are our business."

For decades, De Beers controlled the world's supply of rough diamonds. Only De Beers' select list of buyers could trade the gems, and if buyers went outside the cartel, they were out of. While De Beers still has its name of buyers, as a cartel grip on the

market is weakening—largely because of the influx of Canadian stones—and the work of one-time BHP executive Bill Zimmerman. Before the Ekati mine was built, Zimmerman spent three years travelling the world to establish a market for rough diamonds that didn't rely on De Beers.

The effort wasn't simply designed to outflank the monopoly BHP, which operates mines in the United States, forced it could have confronted U.S. anti-trust laws had it dealt exclusively with De Beers in the diamond market. "We're concerned that the company could sell diamonds outside the De Beers system and be a success," says the new activist Zimmerman. "Prior to that, the perception was you couldn't do it." Initially BHP sold 35 per cent of its rough Ekati rocks to De Beers. "Today it sells none to the diamond giant," Jan Belec, president and COO of Ekati Diamond Mine, downplays the level of competition between the two mining behemoths. "The marketing game has done well enough," Belec says. "Our focus is on the customer."

Davik, too, established some new rules. The mine was discovered by Drs Thomas of a small junior exploration company then known to Alter Resources Ltd. Back in 1994, the then-24-year-old geologist—a woman with the looks of a model—completely wowed the diamond world with what she'd found. Under Lac de Goss, her team dis-



Thomas started the mining work with her diamond-rich Lac de Goss discovery

covered the highest-grade chaser of diamond-bearing kimberlites in the world. Then she went on to continue to impress that world in negotiating the deal with Rio Tinto, a multinational mining company brought in to finance Davik. Alter managed to hold on to an unprecedented 40 per cent of its diamonds, in perpetuity. In a conventional deal, a junior exploration company might tap into a mine's reserves

anyway, but not the actual product. Thomas' deal with Rio Tinto not only made her extremely wealthy, it catapulted Alter—now known as Alter Diamond Corp.—into the industry's big leagues. Alter then made a deal to sell its stones to jewelry giant Tiffany's, completely bypassing the De Beers cartel and further driving power away from the cartel.

Thomas, now an Alter director and CEO of a new resource company, Stormovoy Ventures Ltd., is again searching for more diamonds. Stormovoy has hooked up with other exploration companies and controls over 4.5 million hectares of potential diamond properties across the North. "That's our strategy: spread the risk and get involved in as many quality projects as possible," she says. "The world has changed for junior exploration companies, at large. A decade ago, exploring for diamonds was considered too risky for a small venture. While investors are still skeptical—on a large part a hangover from the 3M Mineral Ltd. gold-silver fiasco of 1999—companies are venturing to exploration companies such as the ones she's associated with. And, once a penny stock, today the world's largest publicly traded diamond company, its shares currently selling for roughly \$32.

At Shelly's Superbloomers, Pile Mountain Resources Inc. will follow a similar path. It holds the mineral rights to 10,000 hectares

of land and makes near 40 cents on the TKX Verrano Exchange. After a long, 16-month period of negotiations, Shelly struck a deal in July with a major mining company to work toward developing a mine. "The partner?" De Beers. But Shelly's story is a page from Thomas' game plan and instead that Pile Mountain, if it contributes a 45-per-cent share toward the mining costs, will keep that same share of the diamonds that are recovered. It's one of the first times De Beers has relinquished control over the rocks that will come out of a mine it intends to operate.

Shelly has only one thing to say about his new partners: "They are there. They are moving fast. They want to do it right," he says. Shelly's team, essentially a local prospector/geologist and a mining consultant named Ed Walker, have discovered more than 20 sites—called occurrences—on the Pile tract of land near Wawa where they believe diamonds are plentiful (other companies are exploring adjacent properties for diamonds). At one spot, named Moore's—most of the Pile occurrences are named after good diamond-payers—the rock is, at 2.7 billion years,

much older than the kimberlite where diamonds normally are found. And it presents earth scientists with a new riddle.

For De Beers, that is itself in a big reason to invest with Shelly in the Wawa site. "These are not your typical kimberlite bodies," says Molyneux. "Unwilling what it is we are dealing with is sufficient motivation for the investment." De Beers has also moved into a partnership with an-

other small Canadian company, Kensington Resources Ltd., to explore Saskatchewan's intriguingly large kimberlite. But with both projects, Molyneux is reluctant to predict when, if ever, there will be an operating mine. The Saskatchewan is a

haunted under 100 m of glacial material, a "handicap" that pushes up mining costs. At Wawa, bulk samples from at least three different spots will be tested any later this month to be tested. But it'll be a longer haul before it's known if the site is worth the cost of building a mine. Unlike most mines—gold, for instance—there are huge differences in the quality of diamonds, and the prices they command.

Molyneux admits De Beers' role has changed. For a long time, he says, "we saw ourselves as the custodian." The company maintained a massive stockpile of diamonds as a means of maintaining a steady supply demand balance. "We were the buffer that kept prices stable over a long period of time," he says. Now, De Beers seeks to restrain the market leader. "We want to restrain our share of global production at 50 per cent," Molyneux says. That's a striking drop from De Beers' one-time 80 per-cent share of production. And it shows that, even if De Beers continues to dominate the world's diamond industry, Canada has changed the diamond business forever. ■

ROBOTS WITH A KEEN EYE FOR SHAPE AND COLOUR

At Ariel places on the table a tidy package made of waxy-white paper folded into a rectangle the size of a small envelope, the geologist opens it to reveal dozens of shiny rough diamonds. Worth \$137,000, they range in size from one to 2.5 carats. "Pick one," he says.

Ariel, president and CEO of HRA Investments Ltd., operates the first diamond cutting and polishing operation of its kind in North America. Almost the entire global supply of diamonds is cut and polished by people handed over by BHP mining giants, many located in Third World countries. But here, in a 13-by-12-foot room on the 21st floor of a downtown Vancouver office tower, are more than two dozen appliances, each smaller than a home sewing machine. They are robots, programmed to cut and polish diamonds. "This," says Ariel, "is the future."

With slender silver-coloured bezels, Ariel



Dravovitch is the rough, feed up for cutting

takes a gem and places it into a box attached to a desktop computer. An image of the diamond enters onto the screen with lines drawn like it, suggesting the optimum cut for this particular rock. Other choices, including cutting a half to produce two smaller cut stones, are also offered. With the touch of a few keys, Ariel can program one of the robots behind her to cut the stone into a shape suitable for an engagement solitaire. In the space of minutes, the machine will do the work that would take

a person a day. Ariel says. The machines were aches, \$1 million, up-front expense, he adds, "but they don't get sick and don't need holidays. And they work seven days a week."

The dream was to go high-tech in Vancouver was born two years ago, when the 34th floor near Belleville—Canada's first diamond mine—began producing gems. While Ekati might now be the main supplier, a large stock deal to be the largest core customer of De Beers' diamond mines, Canada's second—and newest—diamond mine. The robots work only with 100% stones. Ariel has ties there with a Canadian brand, including a contract for each stone that describes its weight, clarity, colour, type of cut and even the stone where it originated. Currently, 100% gems represent less than 10 per cent of the global market, but that share is climbing and they are highly prized—they already sell for a 15- to 20-per-cent premium over other, non-branded stones. "So," Ariel predicts, "more consumers around the world will prefer Canadian diamonds." ■ M.

Dairyville

By Dairy Farmers of Canada



Milk's good rap

It's worth considering why drinking milk is such a good habit for growing kids. Milk contains 15 essential nutrients, including protein, and it's our No. 1 source of calcium, riboflavin and vitamin D.

Children and teenagers need these nutrients to build healthy bodies—and the beauty is, milk delivers them all together. Research shows that healthy bones are the result of many nutrients working together—as they do when you drink milk.

Keep singing its praises, Mom!



CONFESSIONS OF A CRITIC

Opinions forged in the heat of a film festival sometimes can't be trusted

"SO WHAT DID YOU THINK?"

For a film critic leaving a cinema after the lights come up, it's the dreaded question: If I love the movie, or hate it, the answer is up but also out of time. I don't know quite what to think. While I'm watching the movie, if it's any good I get drawn in to the point where I forget I'm a critic and sometimes even forget it's a movie. Long after it's over, unless it's more eye candy, the film continues to develop, like a photograph emerging in the darkness of the mind's eye. Only when you write the review do you "fix" it with the confabulating confidence of opinion. Problem is, sometimes the film won't die. Its semiotic images keep on playing, and misleading, in the imagination. Then you sit it again, months later, and it doesn't look like the film you remember.

Do film critics ever change their minds? Well, yes. Often it depends when and how we see a movie. Most of the time, we'll see it at preview screenings a few days or weeks before it's released in theaters. We tend to see smaller, independent films in small screening rooms with other critics. For book buyers, Hollywood studios prefer to speak as with a large, seated audience, hoping the reaction might rub off. For me, watching a movie is an essentially a private experience. If the movie has laid a spell, when the end credits come up I'll be writing from a dream, and it's up to hang onto it as long as possible. I'm impressionistic, so as I leave the theater I avoid comparing notes with other critics—indeed the movie is so good, or so bad, that I feel I have to talk about it. Or unless I'm completely mystified by it. Usually, I just go off and know me myself in that somewhat malicacious writing.

At festivals, however, the protocol changes. As Pierre this, I'm about to plunge into the Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 4-15). Instead of seeing three or four movies a week, I'll see three or four a day. And because I'll watch them with a much larger audience of colleagues from around the



world, exchanging movie doesn't seem so innocuous. In fact, it's expected. Going on films for days-on-end, and talking about them, is what film festivals are all about. Talk is the. Ever since the '60s, when New Wave critics like Godard and Truffaut analyzed movies so profoundly that they talked themselves into making them, the Discourse has been a kind of sacrament—even if, as our art shows churn up, the Discourse gets dumbed down to the 10ths.

At any rate, when you see several films a day it's easy to lose your critical marbles. And unless you write for a wide publication such as *Variety*, you don't write full-scale reviews during a festival. You wait for a film's commercial release, which can be many months later. Then, unless you want to base

a review in evanescent memory, you have to see the film again. And it's not the same film. Sometimes it's literally different—it's been recut. But even if it's identical, your reaction won't be. It's like stepping into a river; you can't see the same film twice.

The only sure thing is that a movie will get better or worse as repeated viewing. Usually the difference is just a matter of degree. But I've been known to do a complete about-face, on two occasions with films by David Lynch. In 1999, when I saw Lynch's *Wild at Heart*, from the first shot of a lit match filling the giant screen at Cannes I was deflated. Months later, when I saw it in a Toronto screening room, it looked like a scintillating jewel, which can be many months later. Then, unless you want to base

In 2001, after seeing Lynch's mind-bending *Mulholland Drive* in Cannes, I usually conceded that the film had "lousy moments, and lumps of too lush an eye," but scored Lynch of "begun to realize" and concluded he was "selling smoke and mirage like so much aluminum siding." Pretty unequivocal. But then I saw *Mulholland Drive* again, months later, and I was utterly seduced. Denying in fact I could, I misread my 180-degree shift by writing, "perhaps a reversal of opinion is appropriate for a film that operates in a kind of reversible reality."

The heat of competition in Cannes, and the collective hysteria of the *Croisette*, can play tricks on the mind. Everyone is impatient for the great consummation. And in trilling up and down the sands of the *Reds*, seeking the cinematic goal, the man tripe that will change our lives, you can embrace a mirage, or overlook in oasis of quiet genius.

Recently I ran into Aaron Egoyan at a literary fundraiser. Last fall, in the thick of the most tormented review I've ever written, I'd called his movie *Ararat* "a brilliant failure." A once-stringing phrase if ever there was one. But the paradox was strictly false. With an intricate mass of characters deepening the legacy of the Armenian genocide, *Ararat* is a fascinating, provocative and reliable exploration of memory and guilt—a film far more interesting than most, and definitely worth seeing. But as a drama, a story, I felt it sufficed under the weight of too many ambitions.

"So what happened to *Ararat*?" Egoyan asked, reminding me of how Canadian critics seemed unfavourable at the time.

"I reserved final judgment until I wrote my review," I said, explaining that I'd seen the film again. In fact, I ended up seeing it three times—once at a pre-Cannes screening, again at the Cannes premiere (to gauge audience reaction) and six months later to write the review. Then there was the *Ararat* Discourse—I probably spent as much time discussing *Ararat* as watching it. But silent it was worth discussing, and so the film's critic, even on the third viewing, I was never bored. *Ararat* still haunts me, as does that slippery phrase, "brilliant failure."

As for the movies I saw in Cannes last May, I don't think I'll be reviewing my un-complicated love for Denis Arnaud's *The Berliners* (November), which opens in Toronto

to festival this week (in the same gala slot occupied last year by *Ararat*). But I guess I'll have to take a second look at Vincent Gallo's *The Brown Bess*, which was the laughingstock of Cannes and now in fuzzy head again at the Toronto Festival in a re-edited version—I just hope Gallo didn't cut the Gordon Lightfoot song.

Charging with a fellow critic on the sidewalk after a recent screening, I asked if he'd

written reviews that he no longer agreed with. He rolled his eyes as if to say, "For too often." More embarrassing, he said, are positive reviews of bad films that had racked him. "If you're going to be hung out to dry, it's better to crucify a film that everyone likes than fail for one that everyone hates."

I'm not sure I agree. All I know is that *Ararat* is now out on DVD, and I'm tempted to give it another shot.

MEPHISTO
THE WORLD'S FINEST HANDMADE SHOES

"Just like my other shoes, MEPHISTO customers could not wait to get quality and comfort. We want you to have the same experience. We'll be there for you whenever and wherever you need us. This is probably what our shoes offer you and give you the style of the MEPHISTO collection in large choice."

HANDMADE BY MASTER SHOEMAKERS

MEPHISTO WORLDWIDE mephisto@mephistomade.com Toll free 1-888-411-2910



OBEY THE GOLDEN RULE

Recent higher gold prices are a good sign, not a new excuse for gloom

WHAT IS IT about commodities that produces such enthusiasm? Prosperous people who worry respectably (or even adroitly) about other kinds of business can look down their noses at primary products. Alberta's resentment of the "oil price fix" is grounded in decades of disdain expressed in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal for the province's oil, gas and beefed steers. (These elites seem to believe they have the social good genes ingrained in their blood, and thus, while acknowledging that their incomes don't come from such grimy, old-fashioned, polluting stuff.)

Even the *Wall Street Journal* can reflect that kind of bias. On Aug. 30, an article lamented the bull market in commodities. It is, according to staff writer Peter McElroy, the wrong kind of bull market. "Commodity prices rising for the wrong reason." Why? Because "economists say that what has risen most dramatically in price this year—mainly energy and gold—is precisely the change that should be slowing or halting if the economy is going to take off."

The article cites an "independent energy economist" who assumes that if crude oil prices remain above US\$30 a barrel for 15 to 18 months, it could block any economic recovery. When it comes to gold, those "high oil prices" are thought to be the "right price" for it. This means that classic concepts (even to most price theorists) do not yet quite improve in the hands of Albers, but will leave useful umbrellas with discretionary cash to donate to Greenpeace and travel to France and Cuba. The great minds of the medieval Catholic Church had similar faith, only back then it was about a fish ("non-taxation") interest rate for the lending of money. After the Reformation splits the Church, that concern survived mainly in France, Italy and Spain and was, according to most historians, a major reason why the economies of Catholic countries collapsed badly behind the Protestant economies of northern Europe.

As for gold, well, it may have its uses in

adornment and jewelry but, since Keynes branded it "barrenness rule" the best minds above public inspection as price only what is a law and failing. That's what central bankers and politicians predict that there is little or no risk from inflation. (Gold was rejected and ridiculed from 1973 through 1980, when its price was rising to record levels, thereby telling the world that the official low inflation forecasts were absurdly erroneous.)

What makes gold's recent strength particularly upsetting to the elites is that it comes when the U.S. economy, which has basically sustained the global economy since 1993, is on life-support. Washington's economic extravaganza and disinflationary system is due to record fiscal deficit (at the time of a record trade deficit) and massive monetary

U.S. INTRAVENOUS AND dialysis systems for its ailing economy include a record fiscal deficit and massive monetary injections

injections (at a time of successfully low short-term interest rates).

History tells that tiny minority of the population who study it that such problems are inherently self-inflicted. That, regrettably, is the basis for the slick subterfuge that has now begun to appear in the media from gold bug "investment advisers." (The gold bug went on the endangered species list at about the same time as the albatross, and like its feathered counterpart, is coming back so strongly that it could again become a pest.)

But before you cash out your RRSP to invest in the euro process in precious metals, real estate and collectibles, pause to reflect on the differences between today's world and the 1970s inflation "golden age." Then, the primary challenge to the price system

was a deflation, not inflation. Second, the West's victory in the Cold War has meant a sustained reduction in military spending across the industrial world—even in the post-9/11 U.S. Third, the industrialized world's demographic does in fact *not* defy any because its more politically potent population groups no longer live in the 16-24 group, but the 35-and-over group. (Society needed abundant economic growth in the 1970s to absorb huge annual increases in the labour force and in college attendance. Young people have now also fled of inflation whereas people planning for retirement are the least conservative against inflationary policies.) Fourth, the Green Revolution and agricultural biotechnology release us from the degrading grain prices that were in big a threat to global price stability in 1974 as soaring oil and gold prices. (But only if today's agricultural Luddites don't block technological progress because of American and European protectionists.)

This column has consistently recommended oil and gold stocks, even while it warned of the threat of deflation. I have been trying to make the case for commodity inflation as a cure of deflation in the prices of manufactured goods and technology stocks.

My recent advocacy of base metal mining companies' shares is based on I think the most surprising factor here, on how he moved on the upside. I think the world can prosper with US\$30 oil—but only if the U.S. dollar remains in their market, because oil, like other commodities, is priced in dollars. The seven-year span in which the U.S. has been the Atlas for the global economy is ending. When the world's money is above-form Japan and the Eurozone. Strength in the yen and euro will cut out their exports to the U.S., but will lower the costs of their imports of oil and metals.

The signal from gold is that the world will not, as some prominent commentators have warned, sink into a deflationary bog. Higher gold prices, therefore, are good news, not a new excuse for gloom. (We already have enough of those.)

Relax, then. It's not as if gasoline costs as much as something really important, such as Ferris.

Donald Cose is a Montreal-based investor, Management & Strategy and of finance-based Social Wealth Investments. donaldcose.com



A WAR SCOUT'S HONOUR

A hero's forgotten story sheds new light on Canada's role in ending the First World War

IF IT WEREN'T for the heroes, it would have been a comedy of errors.

Just before 4 a.m. on Sept. 2, 1918, a Royal Montreal Regiment scout and two others stumbled over a collapsed mine wall and entered Cagnacourt in northern France. Only the vestiges of former shops, homes and a church remained. The most recent Allied attack—which had apparently killed or disabled all of the town's original party and lodged a piece of shrapnel in its high leg—had just ended. Hundreds of enemy Germans perished as they ran from pockmarked windows and open doorways. With a unit of the Canadian Corps First Division still 250m away, the scout waved his arms, barking orders to troopsman. Dazed, the Germans dropped their rifles and started to run. The three Canadians managed to count more than 150 men captured.

The scout was Lt. George McKean, a native of Britain who had settled in Alberta. By war's end, he would be promoted to captain. With five medals (including a Victoria Cross), he is one of Canada's most decorated First World War heroes. But the detailed story of the capture of Cagnacourt, for which he earned a Military Cross—and that has inspired the French town's quest to rename the main square in McKean's honour on

Sept. 4—is hardly known. It can't be found as his medal citations, history books, regimental memoirs even in McKean family lore. It is, however, in *Souaring Thrills*, a 1919 book McKean wrote for the Boy Scouts, which he describes in the introduction as a collection of "fairly cheerful war stories."

Michael Gravel, a Cornwall, Ont., road salesman and amateur historian, chanced upon *Souaring Thrills* three years ago while tracing the wartime tracks of his grandfather, also a soldier with the Montreal Regiment. McKean's account spelled his interest and fuelled a hunt for the battle of Cagnacourt was a decisive, yet unheralded, turning point in the last 100 days of the war.

On Aug. 26, 1918, with the troops deep in German territory, Canadian commander Lt.-Gen. Arthur Currie unleashed a major offensive. The battle followed around Cagnacourt on Sept. 2 was critical on its success and a small mine monument in Dury, a neighbouring village, commemorates the breakthrough. But nothing, until now, has specifically acknowledged Cagnacourt where, as Gravel plans to show in a forthcoming book, the Canadians forged a bulge in the offensive line that ultimately enabled the Allies to outflank the Germans, precipitating their withdrawal on the Western Front.



Genome Canada, Canada's premier national sponsor of life science research, is pleased to congratulate the 2003 winners of the Genome Awards, recognizing outstanding projects related to the study of DNA and genetic variation in any living organism.

SENATE:

1* (S2105) + \$1000 for a scholarship to a Canadian university of choice: **Cara Westwood-Roper**, The role of p53 MAF in Microtubule Nucleation: **Chris Lacombe**, "The Crystallography" North American, Montreal, Quebec

2* (S2106) **Chris Lacombe**, Temporal Temperature Gradient Gel Electrophoresis + Lacombe, Ontario
3* (S2107) **Justin Howe**, J-1000, North Bay, Ontario

A special 3rd prize, in recognition of the exceptional educational value of his project was awarded to **Kristal Marlene Norman** + **Valerie Lacombe**, Chaguanet, Quebec

INTERMEDIATE:

1* (S2108) + \$1000 (Wolfe Exchange Program) **Josh Eisenstat**, Effect of Androgens on a Cell Death Gene in Brain Tumors: **Neil Hogg**, Montreal

2* (S2109) **Justin Howe**, Wolfenbutel of lower ages + Montreal, Quebec

3* (S2110) **Peter Smyth**, Genes, Metabolism and Health: A molecular of evolution and population dynamics: **Walter, Ontario**

JUNIOR:

1* (S2111) **Elizabeth Richards**, Genetic Variation in the Solanum, Saskatchewan

2* (S2112) **Darren Huber** and **Jonathan Ottensmeyer**, The effect of DDT on the life cycle of a native insect on a native insect of the Hymenoptera: **Winnipeg, Manitoba**

3* (S2113) **Neil Hogg**, Alpha-Cell Antigenic Delivery: **St. John's, New Brunswick**

GenomeCanada
Committed to Promote Science to Young Canadians
www.genomecanada.ca

One new bar,
two tasty flavours,
strawberry and blueberry



Whole grain oats with a naturally
flavoured yogurt coating.

© 2011 Nestlé North America

BOOKS | >

way—in love with Anna, right from the right side of the tracks. Every younger son, James, a wide-eyed eight-year-old open to the beauty around him, and daughter Penny, 10, have hard choices to face.

The storyline is rare, almost unbearably so at times, from the opening pages. The small-town class divisions that, together with Joe and Anna's personal demons, enrage their resource, are expertly—and agonizingly—evoked. ("It's so hard to grasp what it feels like to be young at a particular time, to express that subtle connection to the Zeitgeist," Becerra says, "but I set the novel in the year I was 18.") Alf's struggle to steer a middle course between ambition and betrayal is so clearly doomed that the novel's overriding question soon becomes, not what will happen—disaster is inevitable—but how will Alf face it, with what reserves of courage and integrity? And running through *The Island Walkers* like a shining screen is the theme of Alf as "the cultural carrier of the town," in Becerra's words, "the one who knows its history and feels responsibility for it." Alf is almost, but not quite, unconscious of this aspect in himself, but it is the element in his character that determines the novel's powerful conclusion.

THERE IS "something about beauty," notes the author, "that strikes deeply in people who are open to it. Beauty of place brings pressure, not simply gods, but pressure to live up to it." Becerra is speaking as much about himself as Alf. He was born in Peru in 1947, the son and grandson of men who worked for the textile mills. Family tales and shoo on local history had the effect of "populating the entire town with ghosts" in the mind of an imaginative nine-year-old boy. "You learn these stories as an adult," Becerra continues, "and they're mostly menacing facts. For a boy they're larger than life, they're myth."

So even when Becerra left Peru in 1966—for university, marriage, fatherhood and a career as an anthropologist—Peru didn't leave him. "I can close my eyes in Toronto now, and see it all through the eyes of a child—as it was, but fresh, as if for the first time, every stone of it, the hills and the rivers. I'm sure it will be the last thing I see before I die." That boy's-eye perspective is reflected in the narrative voice—a complex tale simply told—and in the palpable expression of physical memory of summer swimming



The author was born in Peru, the son and grandson of men who worked for the mills

holes and perfect winter skating conditions.

The rivers, in fact—known as the Shade and the Atunawa in *The Island Walkers*—are the essence of the place for author and main character alike. Becerra's grandfather drowned while fishing in the Grand, so too did Alf's father in the Shade. Alf is drawn to the riverbanks whenever he's most troubled while, in a finely written novel, Becerra's most striking metaphors derive from water: time passing by "in the lick of water on

'I CAN CLOSE my eyes and see it all through the eyes of a child—as it was, but fresh, for the first time, every stone, the hills and rivers'

stone," and the sudden, strange effect of a poem, "like a bullet severing water."

A sense of place is something the novel's characters take for granted in 1965. Not so its author in 2005. "Just as we know humanity through individual acts, family and friends, we know the earth through particular locales," he says. "But that sense is rapidly being eroded by the speed of our lives and our increasingly mobile culture. We can lose that connection." The ghostly presence of the Atunawa Indians, long gone when the first settler arrived, haunts throughout the novel. What happened to them remains obscure, perhaps, as Alf worries about his Atunawa, they had somehow failed to live up to the demands of their beautiful home. Place endures, *The Island Walkers* implicitly argues, but that doesn't mean we will. **B**

Mother Nature's Beauty | Interview >



► *Nature Valley's Cherry Yogurt & Granola Bars*

At Nature Valley, we know how important it is to have a healthy, active lifestyle. That's why we created Nature Valley's Cherry Yogurt & Granola Bars. They're made with real fruit, real yogurt, and real granola. They're the perfect snack for anyone who loves a healthy, active lifestyle.





MY QUARTER-LIFE CRISIS

I wanted to succeed. But I had to admit that I was a 25-year-old underachiever.

WHEN I READ last year's "Leaders of Tomorrow" essay in *Maclean's* (Sept. 9, 2002), featuring 25 top Canadians under 30, I sank further into a quarter-life crisis. My first professional job had ended badly—disastrously, I think it's fair to say—and reading about people my own age who seemed destined to become leaders of the world's next generation felt like a slap in the face. I was underachieving. I had just been fired, and let's just say it's not a great confidence booster to be 25 and wondering whether you'll ever do anything more than photocopying.

In all, I started after I left the University of Western Ontario in London, Ont., in 2000 with an undergraduate business degree and moved to London, England. There, I landed a job as a loan assistant at a communications agency. Like many of my friends who had just graduated, I was excited about entering the workforce, and had visions of winning my boss's approval and proving my merit. I was ready to climb my way to the top. Who knew my only advancement would be feeling like I had become the office monkey?

When I took the job, I understood that I'd be required to perform a certain amount of mental calisthenics, i.e. photocopying, clipping newspaper articles, etc. However, I also expected that I would get to learn about the industry and, eventually, be given more responsibility. That had been clear about that in the job interview when they asked me what my goals were. I soon found out that the manual tasks would be the majority of the job. I was pretty far away from being the marketing communications guru I had envisioned.

On top of that, I had a boss who did little to inspire my enthusiasm for the job. She was so unimpressed that she once came to work with her hair plastered over her forehead in a fluster had used Visqueen as some sort of hair guard. Turns out she had simply forgotten to wash the conditioner out of her hair that morning. Worse than her non-concern or paternalistic stuff was the fact that she was always getting me to do personal tasks phre-

ing her machine, buying birthday cards, changing her cellphone. The tipping point came the day I sat down at my computer to see a sticky note on the monitor asking me to sharpen all of her pencils. I didn't. (Though the thought did cross my mind to do it, if only to gauge my own sanity.)

My motivation to do tasks well declined some days when they asked me to make coffee. I added sugar to the cups even for people I knew didn't take any. Eventually, I realized that if boredom from finishing my boss's never-ending to-do list didn't kill me, the instant coffee they gave us would. (Only clients were allowed to drink the good coffee.) I had left university with enthusiasm and energy, but some mornings I would look at my sensors and give up and think, "Did I really need a \$40,000 degree to do this?" I found that many other people in the office felt the same way.

I did, however, master one skill—quitting. I started a bad habit of sending self-deprecating, humorous e-mails depicting the banality of my job to friends and family. As *Wanna Ryder* puts it in the classic '90s



movie about post-university disillusionment, *Reality Bites*, I became a "master of time waste." E-mailing and surfing the Net became the salve from the dullness of my day.

One night, a fellow disenchanted co-worker phoned to tell me she'd forgotten her glasses in the office, and had returned to find the office gaily litged on to her computer reading her e-mails. We were both shocked—and wondered if we'd been under surveillance all along. Nothing after that, when my boss pulled me into the office to see me, I was convinced they were aware of my personal mail. She politely informed me that it was my last day and that I should consider other firms. They never outright told me they'd read, "Kissass #34: You Know You are the Office Monkey," but they seemed very tuned in to my serious disenchantment with the firm.

And that was the end of my first real job. The experience was soul-destroying. And even though I landed a new job about a month later—a much better one, in fact—I found it hard to gain the positive momentum I had anticipated after leaving university. I was still doubting myself eight months later when I read the *Maclean's* profiles of those high achievers.

In between feeling inadequate and wondering why I hadn't bought a hot dog stand at age 12 so I could become a processed-meat tycoon by 30, I was forced to compare my starting-out experiences with those of other Canadians. I realized a few things about success. Namely, you get out of life what you put into it. And that, regardless of what you're doing, being good at it requires dedication to an ultimate goal. If I ever wanted to be the marketing communications equivalent of the next *Barbie* (who, no doubt, was right then practicing scales repeatedly), maybe I needed to give a few more press releases.

Well, wiser to be one of the kids featured on the cover of *Maclean's*, doing something great with our lives. But the reality I've faced since leaving university is that it's difficult to get to great from mediocre. Doing great requires talent, hard work, and taking 30 times to succeed once. So what? I would like to say I told the bright young things featured in this issue: "congratulations! You've got what we all want: a forum to show the world what we're made of."

Across Canada waits for a London underachiever. Back to the computer, dear Jennifer Dobbs.

CLOSINGNOTES



TOYS | 65

Is there anything I CAN'T DO?

Nokia's wireless hi-dance is the new place for both gaming junkies and mobile magicians.



Music | Canada's queen of folk gets her due

Prayers of crowd could walk of Sylvia Tyson's doing work. They are work on art—paintings and drawings that see all inkly black and gray shadows, mysterious and somehow require "I think of them as the inkers of the bird world," jokes the internationally renowned Toronto-based folk singer and songwriter. It's not unusual for Tyson. That since the breakup of her marriage to Ian Tyson in the mid '70s, and the dissolution of her powerful folk duo, Ian & Sylvia, Tyson has been diligently going her own way. And this September, at the 27th annual Canadian Country Music Awards, *Sylvia Tyson* will present "Tyson with the Hall of Fame Award." "People thought it odd that we didn't accept it together," says Tyson, 62. "But we've been part

She was on their minds: Sylvia Tyson, Canadian country's new hall of famer.

much longer than we were together." A striking woman, Tyson—who is also a member of Quercus, which includes singer-songwriter Cindy Church, Celia Hamilton and Owen Slaters—is more uncomfortable understanding that one might expect from a seasoned performer. Sylvia's single drive of her life, "Tyson admits that she's 'scolding back' on touring for her own music in order to work on a book of fiction she's been writing for six months. "I thought things were going to slow down in the age but they're not," she says. "So now I'm being more selective and self-protective." But as quiet as she is, "Tyson often no chooses about what she does. "I think of myself as a water fire," she says. Her favorite part of the day is composing songs or sketches in her mind while on only inspiring words through her own's mouth. Like the crowd she adores, Tyson paints an exquisite picture. **JAM CAMERON**

PEOPLE | 70

Kissin' com
Answer the
question: David
Might: Love! King
Dicks: Robert's King
of course comedy.
David Spade.

LISTINGS

Large or Little As
Influences: Evening
With David Bowie
Sept. 25
Fans can take
part in a 90-minute
interactive program
As he performs songs
from his new album,
Bowie, and takes
part in a live Q&A
with fans
www.bowie.com
Sept. 26
School of Fantasy
Players: Devlin
Across the country

Paul Young: Collect
Sept. 6-Oct. 4
Contemporary art
show: New show
celebrating the work of
Vancouver artist Paul
Young, which comes
from digital images to
a screen print
www.vancouver.com
Sept. 26
Sylvia Salter:
The Invention of
Sylvia
Sept. 10-Nov. 1
Sculpture, video and
drawing are among
the new displays in
the solo show of the
Canadian-born, Montreal-based
artist, at the
Museum of Contemporary
Art, Vancouver
www.mocva.org

Atlantic: Live
Sept. 26-28
This indie rock event
features not only
but also products for
home improvement
and other for health,
fitness and travel
and TV's home health
will offer home decor
advice Sept. 27.
www.mocva.org
Montreal, N.B.



Home movies | So you want to be a director?

Summer's over but it was great while it lasted: road trips, swimming at the lake, goofing off with friends. If you're a dweeb, your summer memories are well-documented in pictures and video clips. But why let them collect dust in the attic—or clog up your hard drive? Now you can share the moments with those who made them special in the first place. Immediately.

Editing digital video and pictures has become so popular that Apple and Microsoft now include photo and movie editing software as standard features in their OS X and Windows XP operating systems. Windows Movie Maker 2 and iMovie 3 are easy to use and operate on the same basic principle: import a video file, add background music and then make your movie by dragging clips into the program's editing board. iMovie 3 is arguably the better of the two for serious CineBarbians. It combines up to 100 audio functions, including sounds from the iMovie movies like Star Wars and Jurassic Park, with visual

effects that let you add an eerie fog to the director's cut of your backyard barbecue or ghost trails to your monologue.

Windows Movie Maker 2 offers fewer Lucifallin-worthy effects, but is simpler to learn. When you're done editing, you can create opening and closing credits with other programs. Then save your production in a variety of file formats and either burn them onto a disc or e-mail them to your unimpaired brother-in-law.

Photoblog your pictures can be just as enjoyable. As a Windows user, our favorite picture program is Photo Story, part of Microsoft's Plus! Digital Media Edition, a \$30 add-on for Windows XP. Photo Story is a tool that sequences images into a movie slide show. From there, you add background music and narrate your photo story. Once you've monitored it, dinner guests might actually like seeing what you did on your summer vacation.

Compiled and written by Michael Sauter
msauter@intelscience.ca



Download | Free trial

If spending hundreds of dollars on word processing, spreadsheet and presentation programs makes you wince, consider your freedom of choice—with the choice we "love." OpenOffice's (www.openoffice.org) collection of applications runs on most operating systems and also works with a variety of file formats, letting users exchange documents freely with other popular software packages like Microsoft Office. Although the price isn't low, OpenOffice doesn't have an e-mail program

Toys | Peripheral hotties

ALL IN WONDER 8000 RSD
(Available now)

Windsor, Ont.-based AT Technologies Inc. makes the Funnel of emotions cable, the AT Wonder 8000 Pro. Equipped with a supercharged 128MB graphics processor (on average PC chips with a 64MB card), the Wonder makes the sweet 3-D games jump off the screen with no lagging frames and no backlogs—ever with digitally spritzed jacked-up motion. But the cable really impresses as a file-like personal video recorder: its 128-channel TV tuner can broadcast whatever you watch on the tube straight to your computer screen. Just screw your cable line into the back of the computer and you can record TV shows in your head drive the way a TV records in a VCR. You can also pause live TV for broadcast and then resume the program later with just a single click. The recording feature gives you the option of recording your favorite shows onto CD-RW, DVD or even a VCR tape. Not if watching TV on a computer doesn't pique your interest, as nerds.

Users can also access their multimedia files—MP3s, digital pictures and movies—on their computer and then rippy them on TV. The cool offers its own video-editing software, free access to an on-line TV guide and a CD/DVD burner. But all this sleek viewing comes with a price. This little Wonder costs for \$495, suitable only for serious gamers and video aficionados who'd like watching videos due to turn their office or basement into their own little movie house.



WONDER 8000 RSD
(Available Oct. 1)

Nikei N-Gage handhelds are grand in the world of hand-held devices. It's a hybrid, an MP3 player, an FM radio and a portable PDA with calendar, e-mail and recording features. Bundling a color LCD window about the size of a passport picture, it brings the Internet to life anywhere you want it—wirelessly. Yet mind of all, the N-Gage is a gaming device aimed at those with a penchant for toys like Nintendo's Game Boy: too in that players can play some titles simultaneously as long as they're within line of sight of each other. N-Gage bundles all of the popular multimedia packages into one little package, but at \$495, its price will likely keep the unit out of the youth market.

Support the national FLARE team on Sunday, October 5, 2003



Some members of the FLARE team at the 2002 race— we raised nearly \$14,000.

Join the FLARE team!

CANADIAN BREAST CANCER FOUNDATION
CIBC RUN for the CURE
Sunday, October 5, 2003

join the fight!

1 One in nine Canadian women will develop breast cancer. Join FLARE in the fight against breast cancer and walk/run with us on October 5, 2003. Visit www.flare.com/FIT to find out how!

get F.I.T.!

2 No matter what type of shape you are, anyone can participate in the 5km or 10km walk or run. Check out the Flare in-Training program on Flare.com and get in shape!

win with Nike!

3 Enter our exclusive Nike contest and you could be the lucky winner of a \$5000 run ring prize package! Finish with all the latest gear. Log on to www.flare.com/FIT

www.flare.com/FIT



FLARE



John Intini starts a sentence ... David Spade finishes it

David Spade says that getting a bunch of former kid stars together for his latest film wasn't very tough. "When you dangle 50 bucks and one last chance to be picked up in a Tuxen Cat, people jump," explains the 39-year-old, who was joined on-set by two dozen has-beens for the final scene of *Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star* (in theatres Sept. 5), including Carrey Blum from *The Last Days of Disco* and Todd Bridges, a.k.a. Willie on *Diff'rent Strokes*. Spade—a small star, but never a child star himself—is best known for his stint on *Saturday Night Live* and the recently cancelled *NBC* sitcom *Just Shoot*.

Mr. He finished Maclean's Researcher-Reporter John Intini's sentences. **SHORT WHITE GUYS** ... have to work a lot harder than everyone else. **MY FAVORITE KID STAR OF ALL TIME IS** ... former *Moppy Days*. He was about 35 years old but I think he still counts. **THE LAST TIME I WAS IN A FIGHT** ... was three years ago when a guy—an angry employee—broke into my house, used a stun gun on me and beat me up. I still have the scar where he stomped me. He came to kill me. I got my therapist and was able to get out of it. I saved my whole life for a doozy of a

scamp. It was a 15-minute brawl ending with guns. It didn't get any grubbier. **WHEN LOVE** ... me? I'm not so sure anymore. **PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED TO KNOW I OWN A** ... skateboard ramp. I've got a half pipe in my backyard. **A GOOD STAND-UP COMEDIAN** ... is someone who makes me yawn when I see him. **MY CRUEST ENOUGH MOM** ... are Dan Ghees and themselves. I don't do pain anymore and I'm really proud of that. **TAKING MYSELF TOO SERIOUSLY** ... has never been a problem of mine. For more "finishes the sentences," visit www.maclean.ca/people

Books | MARS AND VENUS IN THE LABORATORY

Dec-dec-ide before in an English hospital were offered a choice of objects to view: a mechanical invalid or a woman's smiling face. You guessed it—according to Simon Baron-Cohen's *The Essential Difference* (HarperCollins), the girls looked at the human and the boys looked at the thing. Jiffing through 20 years of research, the author, a Cambridge University psychologist, finds the core difference between the sexes: boys to be that hostile-type brains are better at empathizing and communicating, while male types excel at understanding systems. His own theory, in fact, is that autism and Asperger's syndrome are simply examples of the extreme male brain in action. Those who live with the conditions can be brilliant at analyzing the most complex systems, but be unable to relate to others' emotional lives. Baron-Cohen is clearly worried about the political implications of his conclusion, and cautions that the different tendencies he sees are statistical averages. Some men are more empathetic than most women, and some women more analytical than most men.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	PREVIOUS WEEK
1. THE MURDER HOME P. D. James (C)	1
2. THE CONJURATION: THE HOUSE ON THE HILL Mike Wolfe (C)	2
3. THE SIX WIVES Lisa Klein (C)	3
4. THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL Michael Ondaatje (C)	4
5. REVEREND THE BROTHERHOOD David Almond (C) (C)	5
6. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	6
7. THE TALENTED MR. RYAN Tom Clancy (C)	7
8. THE LAST DAYS OF DISCO Carrey Blum (C)	8
9. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	9
10. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	10

Non-fiction

1. THE SIX WIVES Lisa Klein (C)	1
2. THE CONJURATION: THE HOUSE ON THE HILL Mike Wolfe (C)	2
3. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	3
4. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	4
5. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	5
6. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	6
7. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	7
8. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	8
9. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	9
10. THE NIGHTMARE Michael Ondaatje (C)	10

1. Weekly or bi-weekly by issue before

Mastermindtoys.com
Ships in Canada and the U.S.
FREE gift-wrapping and gift tags

The world's Canadian online toy store with Lego, Thomas and Friends, Barbie, Corolla dolls, K'NEX, science kits, a 1000-piece book collection, puppets, arts & crafts, board games, jigsaw puzzles, board games, music, software and more.

mastermindtoys.com

Lamin-8 Services Inc.
Order PHOTO PLACARDS at www.lamin-8.ca

LAMIN-8 Turn your favourite digital pictures into laminated plaques. Visit our website and send your photos—we'll print, mount and laminate a top quality 8 x 10 for only \$19.95 (plus taxes). Includes free delivery (Canada wide). Ready for easy hanging or desk-top display. Perfect for gifts.

Sheffield School of Interior Design
www.sheffieldschool.ca
1-800-387-1829

Sheffield+
Interior Design Solutions

Be an interior decorator with our unique home study course. You'll learn all the professional skills you need. Tax deductible and GST exempt. Ask for the FREE book that explains it all.

Eldercare Home Health Inc.
www.eldercarehomehealth.com
416-482-8282



Specialists in meeting the care needs of Toronto seniors since 1995. All care is organized, arranged and supervised by a Registered Nurse. Our clients are able to remain happy, safe and independent at home.

Henry's Photo, Video, Digital
www.henrys.com
email: info@henrys.com

HENRY'S
Photo, Video, Digital

Over 4,000 photo, video, digital and audio products, 30 years in business. Secure transactions, downloadable e-files and auctions. We ship Canada wide on a daily basis. Your best Canadian imaging resource.

Paul DeGuardi, Queen's Counsel
Tax Lawyer (37 Years Experience)
416-822-0000 or 1-800-758-8020 (toll free)
www.deguardi.com

Undeclared income?
(Canada & Offshore) Avoid Criminal Prosecution & Civil Penalties

After a crisis, security is dead. Tough new laws make it likely your name will be sent to CRA Special Investigations for prosecution. Before you are caught we can register a new name (anonymous), sidestep, lawyer-client confidentiality assured. Under us, your accountant can not offer this legal protection. A substantially discounted tax settlement is possible.

LARGE, UNPAID INCOME TAX BILL?
(US/Canada) Avoid Bankruptcy

Unlike us, bankruptcy trustees represent your creditors (the tax collector). We have no conflict of interest. Our goal through leveraged negotiations or a court application, is to reduce or eliminate your tax liability.

Secret Offshore Investments

Financial institutions and others are revealing the names of owners of offshore private trusts, bank accounts, stocks, IRAs and trusts. Before you're caught we can reverse your offshore structure. Legal compliance may be possible! Ottawa, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver



TRAVELS WITH CONRAD

Black's critics have seldom had fun or done big things—while he can lay claim to both.

GOOD TO SEE Conrad Black back in the news, playing new variations on favorite themes: history, the English language, and unorthodox business practices.

Lord Black of Crossbarth is in a financial mess these days. The volumes in his ongoing British paper are circling around the still warm form of Hollinger International, the holding company that owns London's Daily Telegraph and used to own most of Canada's larger daily newspapers. Hollinger may have to sell assets to meet its debt payments.

Yet even as he tends to be cautious, the boss devotes at least as much energy to his other passions. This has left a few skeptics wondering whether it was a good idea to use \$12 million of Hollinger money to buy Franklin Delano Roosevelt's papers so Black could finish his Roosevelt biography. Too bad for the skeptics, who never did have any fun or do anything memorable. Black, on the other hand...

It came as more of a surprise to me than it should to learn that his FDR biography has ballooned to 912 pages. When he began the project, he had in mind a more modest volume. But then reality was never one of his strong suits. That's one reason why the abuse of his brief tenure as a Canadian prime minister didn't bother him terribly.

I met him in 1996. He used to host a breakfast brunch at his Toronto home on the Sunday before Christmas. Ken Whyte was editing *Saturday Night* magazine for Black, and I had sold the magazine a few stories, so Ken got me onto the guest list. "It'll just be Conrad and 300 of his closest friends," he said. "You'll like it."

John Turner showed up at the party, and Pamela Wallin, and David Coonberg and Barbara McDougall and Karen Klein. I was just a kid from Saratoga, I made with the little knot of journalists as much as I could.

The somewhat randy gracious Barbara Amiel, whom you know, greeted guests on the way in. The man himself stood to shake our hands on the way out. I could

read emergency exits, to no avail. The only way out was through. I stuck my hand out gamely. "Tim, uh, Paul Wells of the Gazette," I said.

His eyes brightened. "Ah, yes—and *Saturday Night*, too," he said. "I've been admiring your reporting."

Never one to miss a chance to impress, I answered. "My what?"

"Your reporting. Your writing." As I struggled to extract my foot from his mouth, he quoted my latest article back to me.



Perhaps only someone who'd asked for half a decade on the benevolent flag of the old Southern regime could imagine the shock I felt at meeting a proprietor who actually read the product, digested the arguments and took pleasure in meeting the writer. I could not have been more surprised if Black pulled carrots from his nose.

At that time Black enjoyed a reputation in Canadian press circles slightly less favourable than that of *Forbes* magazine's Levesque. He had acquired full control of the Southern chain. Reporters were stealing themselves for layoffs or worse. But it was obvious as

soon as I met him that I—we—had an ally.

The wildest ride we would ever experience was about to begin. Ken Whyte would quit me—who are the best writers at the Gazette? Is there anybody doing good reporting in Ottawa? He was scouting, of course, on behalf of Black's grandest project, a new national newspaper. I was hired in May 1998 before anyone even knew the title of the thing.

Black's agenda, of course, was to pull Canadian journalism head over to the right. When the National Post—the FDR book, a grander project (in the doing than in the imagining)—was launched, the star Canadians were a hard-right winged man. Canadians had never heard of, with Mark Steyn far out in front of the rest. The less obvious agenda, the one everyone seems already to have forgotten, was to pull Canadian journalism up to aspire to better work.

This was a conservative paper, but everyone was welcome who could write with style and work like a dog. ("You know we're eager to keep you," Black said when another paper tried to poach me, "even though you're a rising liberal.") Lucan Chrusliewska, then not yet 25, would take an interest in the courts or the stock market and suddenly we'd have an eight-page supplement on the courts or the stock market. Andy Lamey wrote a sprawling critique of the philosopher Charles Taylor; Ken splashed it across two pages. Giles Chiswick and AJ Baker would give readers diaries and voice on the inside fights at the top of the Ottawa bureaucracy.

Martin Newland, the brooding, brilliant Ken who served as Whyte's deputy, had a few writers he'd start calling on a Wednesday. "Got anything for the weekend, mate? I'm 5—big desperate for some brains in this paper."

I don't need to tell you how the merry ends Black ran the paper deep into the hole, picked a fight with Jean Chrétien, almost a risky proposition, and fled the country and the company. His former employees like to debate whether the Post would have been sustainable if he'd stuck around. No matter. Working for him was just one damned thing after another. And if it wasn't afford able, so what? Money isn't everything. Not exactly the lesson we expected to learn from Conrad Black.

To contact me: backpage@maclean.ca

From a natural source



Butter comes from a pure and natural source, milk—that's what gives it a genuine and unique flavour.

Butter.



Many thanks to the people who make it.



www.ibm.ca/pc/think

What if you came to work and found this on your desk?

What if you had a computer that let you work where you want to, not where you have to. A PC you could use from Toronto to Vancouver, without a dead battery over Red Deer.* A PC with Intel® Centrino™ Mobile Technology, so it's easy to go wireless. And what if it could protect your data with a hard drive shock absorber. Then you'd have this computer.

ThinkPad®

Where the world's most innovative people choose to think.



IBM recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional for Business.

*Actual battery life varies based on PC settings and usage. Model 2378 CU1. Model 2388 1GU. IBM product names are trade-marks or registered trade-marks of International Business Machines Corporation, and are used under license by IBM Canada Ltd. Intel, Intel Centrino, Intel Inside, the Intel Centrino logo and the Intel Inside logo are trade-marks or registered trade-marks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. All other company names are trade-marks of their respective companies. © 2003 IBM Corporation. All rights reserved.

ThinkPad T40 shown
Starting at \$2,599**
Other models from \$1,049**